

REFLEXIONS

UPON

RIDICULE;

OR,

What it is that makes a Man ridiculous;
and the Means to avoid it.

Wherein are Represented

The different MANNERS and
CHARACTERS of Persons of
the present Age.

V O L. II.

Of { Politeness.
Modest Sentiments.
Discretion, &c.
Moderation, &c.
Complaisance.

Of { Genteel Beha-
viour.
Sincerity.
Maxims for Ci-
vil Society.

The FIFTH EDITION.

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Fleetstreet. MDCCXXXIX.

REFLECTIONS

UPON

RIDICULE;

OF

Wharfedale and the Yorkshire
and the Yorkshire and the Yorkshire

Wharfedale and the Yorkshire

The Yorkshire and the Yorkshire
and the Yorkshire and the Yorkshire



General Secretary
of the
British Museum

General Secretary
of the
British Museum

The Yorkshire and the Yorkshire

LONDON

Printed by D. Colclough, at the
Yorkshire and the Yorkshire
and the Yorkshire and the Yorkshire

TO
Sir Philip Sydenham,
OF
BRIMPTON
IN THE
County of Somerset, Bart.

THIS
TREATISE

Is Humbly DEDICATED.

A 2

ADVER-

TO
Sir Philip Sydney

OF

BRIMPTON

IN THE

County of Somerset

THIS

TREASURY

Is Humbly DEDICATED,

ADVER-



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*WHEN I publish'd
my Reflexions up-
on Ridicule, and
the Means to avoid
it ; some Gentle-
men, pretending to be good
Judges, found Fault with the
Imperfection of the Work. They
said, I had not executed all that
the Title promis'd ; that I only
had describ'd the common Vices
of Men, without shewing the
Method of acquiring the opposite
Virtues.*

Advertisement.

*I question whether this Accu-
sation be well grounded, and
their Criticism be reasonable. I
should think a Man had acqui-
red a Virtue, when he avoided
all the Imperfections repugnant
to it. Is it not to be Polite,
Discreet, Genteel, Regular, not
to be guilty of any of the Faults
incurr'd through Impoliteness,
Indiscretion, Sufficiency and Ex-
travagance?*

*I must add, That most of
the Maxims I establish, in ex-
posing Vice and Ridicule, de-
clare what is to be done to
avoid it, and to obtain the
opposite Virtue. When, for Ex-
ample,*

Advertisement.

ample, I censure their Impertinence, who give no Attention to those that speak to them, is it not teaching them their Duty, to say, " We must do those that
" direct their Discourse to us,
" the Honour to hear them, and
" give them a pertinent Answer? That abundance of
" People do manifestly discover
" their Distraction of Thought,
" and the Uneasiness they are
" under: You see in their
" Looks the Impatience they
" have to leave you, and how
" tir'd they are with your Discourse. Instead of being attentive to what you say to
" them, they are only vigilant
" to spy out an Opportunity to
" desert

Advertisement.

“ desert you, without giving you
“ time to finish what you had
“ begun to say.” So again, when
I blame their Indiscretion, who
silence a Man that is speaking,
to continue the Discourse he has
begun; and say, “ ’Tis an
“ unpardonable Incivility to
“ interrupt the Relator of a
“ Story; that it is better to
“ suffer him to err in some Cir-
“ cumstance of the History, than
“ to rectify him, (unless he
“ ask our Advice) or to signify,
“ that we knew long before the
“ News he is going to tell us:
“ Why should we deny a Man
“ the Pleasure of believing he
“ inform’d us of something we
“ were ignorant of?” I think
nothing

Advertisement.

nothing can be added to this Maxim.

However, to content, if possible, the Persons who have done me the Honour to advise me, I have thought fit to write something upon Politeness: Which is, as it were, the Second Part, and a natural Consequence of the Volume upon Ridicule. Man has so many Weaknesses to be reform'd, and so many Vices to be extirpated, to make him perfect, that we can't too often bring him to the Glass, to shew him his Extravagances. Did we take the same Pains to examine our own Faults as those of others, we should at last arrive to the
just

Advertisement.

just Knowledge of ourselves, and should not be so foolishly vain, as to think ourselves most accomplish'd, when perhaps we are most ridiculous: Or, if reading a Book of Morals, representing the Vices of Men, we honestly apply things to ourselves, without seeking Resemblances to draw the Pictures of this Man, or that Woman; we should find Advantage in so profitable a Lecture.

You see the End I propos'd in treating upon Ridicule and Politeness. Those that will read this Book with a Resolution to do themselves Justice, and seriously to set about the correcting

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*recting the Vices I condemn,
when they discover them in my
Descriptions, will find in it very
useful Maxims, and learn what
is to be done or avoided, to suc-
ceed in the Commerce of the
World.*

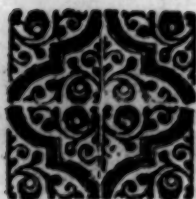


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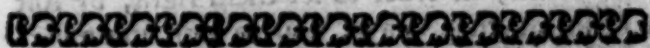
REFLEXIONS

UPON THE

Politeness of Manners,

WITH

MAXIMS for CIVIL SOCIETY.



Of POLITENESS.



O define *Politeness*, we may say, it is all Moral Virtues in Epitome: 'Tis a Combination of Discretion, Civility, Complaisance, and Circumspection, to pay every one the Respects they have a Right to demand of us: And all this must be dress'd and set off with an

VOL. II.

B

agreeable

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agreeable and insinuating Air, diffus'd thro' all our Words and Actions. This Virtue consists not merely in Surface and Exterior, but must have its Principle in the Soul, as being the Product of an accomplish'd Mind, centering on itself, and Master of its Thoughts and Words; that delights to do every body Justice, and to sacrifice its own Interest, rather than wound thole of another Man: A Mind situated above vulgar Reports, neither exceptionous nor difficult, nor requiring Explications of a Thing ever so little ambiguously spoken. Who sees not that this demands a strong Fund of Reason, and great Commerce with the World, besides an exact Knowledge of *Decorum*, and of what every one owes to his respective Quality, duly to maintain its Character as becomes him?

It can't be denied that *Politeness* is the most charming thing for civil Society; a Virtue that teaches us to bear with the Infirmitie of some, to endure patiently the Freaks and Extravagancies of others: To enter into their Sentiments, in order to set them right, by soft and insinuating Ways, and to gain an universal Good-liking, by a sincere Desire of pleasing. Under this View, a Man puts on all Appearances, and transforms himself into all Shapes, the better to gain his Point; and though a continu'd Complaisance to Persons of a certain Character, carries with it a great deal of Uneasiness and Constraint, yet he conquers his Reluctance, and will not be bias'd from his Road by their disgustful Conduct. Be they never so

Reflections upon Politeness. 3

fantastical, 'tis hard if they are not won by those that cultivate their Humour with so much Patience and Assiduity.

Politeness farther instructs us to refuse the Incense that is offer'd us, and to throw it liberally upon others, by an ingenuous Acknowledgment of their Excellencies and Accomplishments. Thus you see the Reason why we take so exquisite and delicate a Pleasure in the Conversation of the *Polite*, who have good Sense and Reason, and Complaisance and Skill, to adapt themselves to our Tempers and Understandings.

'Tis not common to find so great a Confederacy of Perfections, and therefore 'tis no wonder if the Number of the *Polite* be so small: Women, who are naturally more good-humour'd, complaisant, and gracious, than Men, have also more *Politeness*; and 'tis chiefly by our Commerce with them, we learn to be civil and *polite*, through the Ambition we have to please them.

Polite Behaviour is what renders Merit amiable and agreeable, and, on the contrary, the want of it destroys the Esteem that is due to the finest Qualities: Some are observ'd to have a very particular Talent at exposing others *Ridicule*, and giving new Heightnings to their Impertinencies; but this Faculty is very opposite to *Politeness*, which keeps fair with all People, and ever finds Arguments to salve their Conduct, or at least to justify their Intentions. The *Polite* have also a wonderful Address at entring into the Taste and Genius of People, by

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taking the Height and Elevation of their Understandings, and administering Occasions of displaying their Parts; as being less addicted to shine in Conversation, by drawing it wholly to themselves, but to let others shew themselves, and have their Share of it.

Many pass for *Polite*, who have but a superficial Tincture of this Virtue, concealing themselves under the dazzling Plumage of a borrow'd Exterior; but no sooner you converse with them, than you easily perceive the Hypocrisy of this counterfeit *Politeness*. As long as you applaud them, make all Concessions you desire, and give them no kind of Disturbance, they are good-natur'd, obliging, and complaisant Sorts of People; and you would take them for Patterns of good Breeding: But the least Disgust you give them, or a Reverence perhaps forgotten, unhinges the Machine, throws off the Mask, and shews them in their Original. You see them exclaim, and toss, and storm, and throw out an hundred Impertinencies: forgetting the Part they acted, and the Vizard they had put on: Which whimsical Unevenness of Temper, makes them consider'd with Contempt.

When you accost *Frontin*, he feigns the Well-natur'd and Agreeable: He offers you, with an Air of Zeal, unrequested Services; he tires you with his Caresses and Embraces: But the least Word dropp'd against his Opinions, or his Interests, fires him like Gunpowder, and you come off well, if you escape only with ill Names and Abuses,

There's

Reflections upon Politeness. 5

There's no great Stress therefore to be laid upon this superficial *Politeness*, which consists merely in certain concerted and affected ways; it ought to be well rooted in the Heart, and founded upon real Sentiments. Most Men content themselves with saving Appearances; their current Coin is good Looks, the Inflexion of the Voice, a Gesture and a Smile. Such as penetrate no farther, are dazzl'd with this Gilding; but all this wears off in a long-spun Conversation; and Occasions, Contradictions, Interest, discover the false Metal of this counterfeit *Politeness*.

The *Politeness* I speak of, consists not in Grimaces; but is a Quality of the Soul, and serves to regulate her Motions. We sometimes observe the basest People to have the best Appearances imaginable, others have good Meanings under an ill-compos'd Outside, and a careless and forbidding Demeanor.

Men sometimes fondly flatter themselves that they are wonderful *Polite*, because they live with People that cultivate and respect them; that have an implicit Complaisance for them, and dare not disoblige or contradict them in any thing. The way to know themselves, would be to fall sometimes into the Hands of the shatter-brain'd, the Clowns, and the ill-bred; and be oblig'd to comport with their Caprices, and ill Humour. That's the Touchstone of *Politeness*. If we have a sufficient Fund of Complaisance, to bear with their Frolicks and Maggottry, without venting any Symptoms of Impatience or Animosity; if we

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use them gently in their Passions, and answer not their Extravagancies in the same Tone; we may from hence conclude, that our *Politeness* is not hypocritical.

There's a vast Difference betwixt true *Politeness*, and those little mimicking Affectations the finical Ladies put on, to give themselves an Air of Distinction; their studied Grimaces, and affected Miens, with the pretended Delicacy they assume, tickle rational People with Laughter. *Lucette* thinks to set up for Coinefs, by answering in a silly and negligent Tone to all the Questions that are ask'd of her: Her continual Affectations make the whole System of her *Politeness*; she cries out upon the least Accident that happens to her, as if she were ruin'd, or her Life was in Danger. She fancies a Cold as contagious as the Small-Pox, and you give her a sensible Mortification if you cough in her Presence.

Is it not to be thought more *polite* and well-bred, that the Women are grown so tractable and condescending of late? Do they fear they should be less amiable, if they had a greater Dose of Pride? I assure them it is not by these affected Flatteries that they'll fix the Inconstancy of Men. They should study to merit their Esteem, which is attainable only by Reserve. This caressing way, which opens their Arms to embrace every body; this excessive Solicitude to be admir'd, and have the Crowd at their Feet, is an Obstacle to their being respected by Men as they deserve.

Polite-

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Politeness demands an exquisite Knowledge of its Duties, and a punctual Fidelity to discharge them: A Man must constrain himself, and bridle his Temper, because he'll find himself continually engag'd with Persons of most difficult Converse; he must have great Consideration for their Weaknesses, and pretend to submit to their Opinions. Be they never so fantastical, they have one Side that is practicable, whereby you may take them and conduct them to the Point you desire, at least you'll have no Subject of Reproach against you if you can't over-rule the Obstinacy of their Natures.

Don't think you are entitled to the Character of *Politeness*, by rendering every one their Due, unless you do it in a free and easy manner, and without a certain Constraint, which has always an ill Grace: This Freedom is infinitely becoming, and gives a Lustre to the most trifling Things; whereas the Stiffness and Constraint of those Persons that are all of a Piece, has constantly an ill Effect, and blasts part of their Merit.

People naturally sweet-temper'd and *polite*, have no more to do but to give the Reins to their Inclination; but *Politeness* is not always born with them, being a thing that requires Practice, Experience, Application and Study.

The Reflexions we make upon the Impertinencies of others, help us to correct our own, and are of mighty use to steer our Conduct on nice Occasions, wherein we might easily forget ourselves, but for this Assistance. 'Tis the most agreeable Gate to make an happy En-

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trance into the World; 'tis that which gives the first Flower of Reputation, which scatters a fragrant Odour upon all the Parts of Life.

The great Secret consists in making ourselves relish'd by those People we converse with; it requires Judgment to conjecture their present Disposition, and to enter into their Character. But 'tis utterly impossible, with all the Delicacy of Wit, and Flexibility of Temper, to suit one's self to all the Humours of some People. However, we ought not to enslave ourselves to their Caprices, nor renounce common Sense by striking in with their particular Taste when it is deprav'd.

Persons of too rigid and unpardoning Tempers commonly trespass upon the Laws of *Politeness*; others, affecting an excessive Complaisance, and who are ever of the Opinion of those they talk with, grow nauseous and insipid. Complaisance is infinitely taking in Conversation, but it ought to be well manag'd. A genteel Liberty, that has nothing too haughty or too biting, awakens the Converse, and gives it a sort of delightful Poinancy.

A Man is not secure of pleasing with a great Wit, excellent Talents, and majestic Carriage; but there's no withstanding the Charms of true *Politeness*. The *Polite* make themselves universally courted by their Complaisance. They know when 'tis proper to yield, and how to wind and insinuate themselves into those they converse with, and to excuse the Bluntness and
Extrava-

Reflections upon Politeness. 9

Extravagancies that escape them. As Men naturally affect Pre-eminence, they are insensibly won by the *Polite*, who submit to that aspiring Temper. This is an Habit most difficult to attain, and when once a Man has fix'd upon this condescending Course; he must be sure to lay in a great Stock of Docility, because he will every where find a sort of fantastick and crabbed People, who will put his Patience to the nicest Tests.

There are certain Circumstances wherein *Politeness* makes it requisite to understand Raillery, as a good Means to avoid Differences, and preserve a Man's Repose; on the contrary, 'tis a false Delicacy to be disturb'd on Occasions that are beneath our Notice. When the Raillery is innocent, and turns upon indifferent Subjects, it must be brutish to take Fire, and to complain of it. If it be too cutting, 'tis enough to signify that we feel it; if the drolling Person after this pursues his Jest, it manifests he is a Wretch that is defective in Brain and Breeding. I have seen *Clarinda* put herself in a Passion, because she was told she made an awkward Court'sy, and enter'd a Room with an ill Grace. Those that rallied her upon that Score, did it without the least Design of affronting her; and instead of making a Quarrel of it, as she did, she ought to have thank'd 'em for the Advice they gave her.

'Tis certain we have too commonly just Occasions to complain of People's ill Demeanour, but if we rigorously assert this Right, we must take Leave of the Commerce of the World.

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The better way is, artfully to dissemble some Incivilities which have been offer'd us, or a suppos'd Neglect we have receiv'd; 'tis a sufficient Recompence that the Fault lies at the Offender's Door, and that the World does us Justice. If you demand a rigorous Satisfaction, or take it out in Reproaches and Abuses, besides losing the Esteem would be paid you, and which *polite* People rarely fail of bestowing, you will deprive yourself of another much sweeter Satisfaction, which is felt when a Man deals genteely with another, in return for his disobliging Carriage.

The punctilious Delicacy of some People, that are disturb'd at every thing, proceeds from a ridiculous Pride that swells their Hearts; be you ever so assiduous in your Respects to them, they think you have never done enough: Nay, tho' you go beyond the Bounds that *Decorum* and Civility prescribe, they are not yet content. The shortest Method with Persons of this Character, is to break off all Correspondence with them; for if you use Complaisance to them, they'll treat you as a Slave, and make no Acknowledgment of all the Services you have done them.

The little Differences that now and then happen, occasion great Breaches upon *Politeness*, through the ill Discourse and imprudent Proceedings we fall into: If a Quarrel happen to arise, the only way is to suppress it the same Day; for the longer we defer it, the more rancorous our Spleen grows, and the less capable we are of Recovery.

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Is it not better, think you, sometimes to yield, than always obstinately to contest a thing? Most of the Matters disputed on, are not worth the while, and we do but expose our ill Humour on the most frivolous Occasions. If exceptions and quarrellsome People were but sensible how troublesome and intolerable they are, they would perhaps apply themselves to the correcting a Vice which is every body's Torment. It can't be call'd living, to spend our Lives with People that are continually snarling, without knowing for what Reason.

Tell me, what Occasion can you have purposely to disoblige People? Is it so delightful a thing to vex and affront them for a Jest? This Liberty you take privileges them to treat you after the same Manner, and answer you in the same Strain. Thus Conversation grows commonly disagreeable, by the smart Repartees are made to provoking Expressions.

'Tis farther trespassing upon *Politeness*, to be continually speaking ill of every body, and running down all Persons of Merit: There are People whose Heads are of so scurvy a Turn, (whether they do it out of Ill-nature, or judge of others by themselves, I won't determine) as to give the worst Construction to the most innocent and regular Actions; rendring them suspected by the Poison they mix with them, and criminal by their Addition of false Circumstances. This commonly proceeds from a secret Passion of misthieving those they don't love, and the same Principle puts them upon Enquiry into every thing that may give them Trouble.

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One would think *Aminta* had an inspir'd Knowledge of all the most particular and secret Transactions of a Family; when Facts are wanting, she invents *extempore* Stories, and has the Art of embellishing them with such Circumstances as deceive the most Judicious, and persuade the most Incredulous. Her Diary is full of nothing but scandalous Adventures, for she never speaks well of any body herself, nor suffers it to be done by others: To stop their Mouths, she has always a Satire ready at hand, which she vents with a malicious and envenom'd Pleasure. Is not this a pretty Character?

'Tis a Rule never to disoblige any body; but when we have unfortunately given Offence, we ought to make all the necessary Advances we can to oblige the Person to forget it; This is one of those Things the World is most defective in. Whether it be Modesty, or Pride, or Shame, to confess we are in the wrong, or a Resolution not to move a Step towards pacifying People; every one stands upon his Punctilio's, and resolves rather to break off all Commerce, or lose a Friend with whom he has always had a fair Understanding, than honestly to own his Fault, and repent of his ill Treatment. Is it so painful a thing, or would a Man think himself dishonour'd, to speak a civil Word, or make the first Bow?

What I am most at a Loss to comprehend, is, Men's harsh and disobliging way of living with one another; they have a kind of Wildness that renders 'em untractable, one knows not how

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how to accost them, or on what Side to lay hold of them, being perfect Porcupines in every Part. How many Compasses must we fetch? How many Soothings must we use, to treat with them on the least Affair? Is it not a very exquisite Pleasure to be able to oblige People, and to be useful to them in somewhat? Is it possible Men should renounce all Sentiments of Humanity?

'Tis a wretched Character that of some People, who explore, with a malicious Curiosity, whatever others do to censure it; nothing can escape the Vivacity of their jealous Eyes, nor the Rancour of their envenom'd Tongues: These Creatures are the Bane and Terror of Mankind, and of civil Society.

There's nothing more diametrically opposite to *Politeness*, than Slander; if the Women that are most addicted to this Vice were capable of reflecting how burdensome they render themselves by it to reasonable People, they would not be so forward to act so scandalous a Part: The Baseness of their Flatterers animates them in it, but worthy Persons despise them not the less for the Suffrages of Fools. That which gives me an high Idea of *Aricia's* Merit is, that she can't bear to have any one slander'd in her Presence; she has a thousand Artifices to drop the Discourse, when it turns upon Obloquy, or else to divert it. If the Scandal-mongers are Persons of a Rank above her, she lets it appear by her dissatisfied Countenance, and her Silence, that the Subject is
ungrateful;

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ungrateful; and she never wants Reasons to justify those that are accus'd.

Persons elevated by their Rank and Dignities, assume great Liberties, with respect to their Inferiors; nevertheless, they ought always to be upon their Guard, that they don't mortify any one whatever with too smart Railleries. Their Quality is no Dispensation from *Politeness*. The Contempt they express for others, makes lasting Impressions on their Souls; a Sally of Passion, or an Extravagance, is forgiven; but Raillery in cool Blood, which is a Sign of Disesteem, is never pardon'd.

The first Thought that presents itself when we meet People whom we think we have Reason to complain of, who have done us ill Offices, or talk'd of us disrespectfully, is to tax them openly with their ill Demeanor, and that in severe and opprobrious Terms, whereby we fall into the same Fault we condemn in them. If it be proper to let them know they have injur'd us, it ought to be done in a gentle and insinuating manner, without Noise, or Bitterness, or Rage, or the least Deviation from the Rules of *Politeness*. A Man that can prevail with himself in this, and has sufficient Command of his Resentments, to moderate them in so nice a Conjunction, has greater Strength of Mind than the generality of People have, who most commonly fall violently upon the Occasions of Discontent they think are given them.

Those that break off a long continu'd Friendship, fall foulest upon one another; as if the
Contest

Contest was, who should speak most Ill to justify his Conduct, and be acquitted by the Publick. Experience sufficiently proves, that the most violent Hatred flames out betwixt Persons that were the greatest Friends, when once they come to change their Minds. The Motives of their Love now join with those of their Hatred to invigorate the Passion.

'Tis want of *Politeness* to divulge Secrets, upon a Rupture, which were committed to you during the Course of an establish'd Friendship. This Indiscretion is often the Occasion of great Quarrels, and a Provocation to unlucky Reproaches: They that are thus betray'd, have just Reason to complain of those that play them these ill Turns, and have, moreover a fair Pretence for despising them; for this is a Weakness that is only pardonable in Women, who have not always a retentive Faculty: A Secret intrusted to them is an heavy Burden which they can't long bear before they ease themselves of it. Tell not *Ardelisa*, when you intrust her with any Affair, that you engage her to Secrecy, that one Circumstance makes it impossible for her to keep it; the Impatience she will be in to leave you, proceeds only from an Itch to divulge what you have confided to her, which she relates, from Beginning to End, to the next Person she meets: This somewhat resembles those that have Fire dropp'd on their Hands, which they will make the utmost Haste to shake off.

One of the most tiresome Things in Conversation, and which is least avoided, are Repetitions;

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tions ; for we have no Relish of what we have heard before : But 'tis much worse, when People relate with an Emphasis, and give out for Novelties what our Ears are tir'd with ; methinks it should be easy to observe, from the manner of the Reception, that the Narrative is disagreeable. But the Pleasure People take in talking, and being the Chairmen in Conversation, prevents their perceiving the *Tedium* they give their Hearers.

Discourse relating to the Court, to great Men, and Persons distinguish'd by their Employments, or Births, is not so apt to tire ; for as Men are naturally curious, Things sublime and extraordinary give a Whet to their Curiosity ; whereas those that are trivial seem insipid, and unworthy their Application : They therefore that are fond of talking, and desire to be heard with Pleasure, ought to seek Subjects proper to regale the Curiosity of others, and always keep them in Expectation. *Alizon* did not the other Day observe this Rule in all its Circumstances, when she visited her good Friend *Ariana*, who had then with her three Dukes, and five or six Women of the first Quality. *Alizon*, who is the Wife of a Magistrate, was no sooner seated in her Elbow-Chair, but she wholly monopoliz'd the Conversation, which she turn'd into a sort of Dialogue between herself and a Daughter she had brought along with her. This fine Discourse was spent in Questions and Answers, wherein the rest of the Company had no Share, but, for a Recompence, they learn'd how many Children

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Children she had; that her eldest Son was at School, and was the Captain of his Class; and that her Husband had six Dozen of lac'd Shirts. Was ever such Impertinence as this? The poor *Ariana* sweat at every Pore for the Folly of her Friend, who at the same time was not sensible that every body laugh'd at her. She did all she could to break off the Conversation, but the other would not be induced to interrupt the Thread of so fine a History.

The Desire People have to speak to shew their Parts, makes their want of Judgment observ'd, by the impertinent Discourses they hold before Persons of Sense and Taste. A Man conceited of his Merit, and who thinks himself handsome, and finely shap'd, talks of nothing but his kind Mistresses, which he does with that Assurance, as if the Company believ'd, or were interested in what he delivers. A Man of the Sword gives Particulars of all the Opportunities he has had to signalize his Courage, and tells the Names of all the Enemies he has beaten: Others inform you of the great Treats they have made or given, and seldom fail of making a Panegyrick on their Cook; nay, exactly enumerate all the Bottles of *Champaign* they drank. Discourses of this Nature are strangely nauseous to those who have no Curiosity to be acquainted with such Trifles.

The most exquisite and poyntant Pleasure that can be tasted by refin'd Persons, is that of Conversation; but then they should be very circum-

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circumspect in the Choice of those they converse with. Great Companies are fatiguing, where we can only talk of general Things, which are nevertheless most commonly tiresome, and interest no Body in them: And yet, most are taken with the Crowd, a certain Sign of their ill Taste, or else distrust themselves, and think they are not able to bear up in a single Match. They should likewise be on their Guard against a false Delicacy, which meets with no Body to its liking; they ought not to flatter themselves that they shall find People universally pleasing, 'tis enough for Conversation that they have some Agreements.

In a numerous Company, the Conversation can only proceed upon indefinite Subjects; News, current Reports, and such like Trifles, neither meriting to be spoke nor heard. No wonder, then, that Men of Sense and Taste don't find their Account in it, and depart unsatisfied. However, they ought not to shew their Squeamishness, nor let their Discontent appear; that Delicacy would be affrontive to the Company, as signifying their Contempt of it, and good Opinion of themselves.

A Man that sets up for a *polite* Speaker, unless he takes great Care, grows impertinent and tiresome by his over-much Caution in the Choice of Words, whilst every Body suffers by the Constraint he puts upon himself. The generality of Things that make up Conversation ought to be simply express'd, and without many Words; a Man ought not to torture himself to give a Clinch of Wit, much less
fondly

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fondly hug himself when he has said any thing fine and delicate, that excites the Applauses of the Company.

If the Talk in Conversation seems trifling and childish, take no Notice of it, neither cast a pitying Look on the Authors of such Imper-tinencies. How would you have Women entertain themselves, if you deny them a little Tittle-tattle? But be their Discourses never so trifling, condescend to answer them, without fear of demeaning yourself, or debasing that profound Erudition you think you are Master of. *Aristo* is one of the Company, yet none of the Conversation; he gives no Attention to what is said: If he opens his Lips, 'tis only to criticize on a Word inadvertently dropp'd, or that does not please him. He talks sometimes of Things so sublime and out of the way, that no body can understand him. This pompous emblazoning of Science, with design to dazzle, makes him but consider'd as a troublesome Pedant. Men are made for Society, therefore the principal of all the Sciences is that which teaches how to live. What is shocking and offensive in the Learned, is, that they are not always the genteelest People in the World, and are generally deficient in *Politeness* and Complaisance; they think they are oblig'd, by dint of Argument, to maintain all the Propositions they advance, and to bring every body over to their Opinion.

One of the most common Faults in Conversation, is, that no body will yield to another's Opinion, but reckon it a Point of Honour to defend

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defend their own, even in Trifles, with a Stiffness amounting to Obstinacy. Now tell me what you are like to gain by it, when this chimerical Point, which is the Object of your Dispute, shall be granted you? They leave you exasperated, and are themselves enrag'd against you; whereas a little Complaisance might have won you every body's Affection and Esteem.

Insult not, nor despise a worthy Man, tho' he be fallen into Disgrace, and ill handled by Fortune; neither applaud a Fool, tho' he be never so rich and opulent, nor whatever Assistances you might expect from his Interest and Post. This is a Lesson of great Importance, but ill practised. Behold *Agathon*, see with what Haughtiness and Contempt he treats *Arjennus*, the most worthy Man in *England*; the *politest*, wittiest, and most agreeable Company: But he is not rich, and is, moreover, out of Place. Yet observe what Complaisance, what Respect and Submission the same *Agathon* pays to *Betesi*, who is nevertheless a Coxcomb, whose Father and Grandfather were not known, and who is the first Man of his Family: But he is rich, and in Authority; he disposes of Employments and Posts by Sea and Land, which are the Fountains of Wealth and Plenty. Base mercenary Souls! there's your Idol, make your Court to him; stoop to the most shameful and servile Compliances, to insinuate into his Favour: What matters it, if you vilify and degrade yourselves to

to Beasts and Slaves, provided it be in the way to Riches.

'Tis not from a Spirit of *Politeness* that some People are so courtly and obliging, but rather from a mercenary Temper; and were not Men dull of Apprehension, they might easily perceive their Designs, and would make no reckoning of that Profession of hyperbolical Praises. Mistrust a Man that flatters you; either he has already deceiv'd you, or designs to do it: Swallow not the Incense he offers you; 'tis only a Snare to entrap you, which vain People run headlong into.

'Tis the Unhappiness of those that are born to a moderate Fortune to be expos'd to the Contempt and Insults of the great, and Men that have got Estates, and this because they often abuse the Authority and Power that Riches gave them. *Polite* Persons express no Contempt for those beneath them, but, on the contrary, sooth them with civil and caressing Language. This obliging Procedure attracts the Esteem, and wins the Hearts of all the World. That which gains *Alidor* so general an Esteem, is, his not appearing haughty on account of his Quality, great Birth, Bravery, or personal Merits. He never brow-beats those that have any thing to controvert with him, and is of easy Access and Address to all Persons, of whatever Characters. He sends them still away charm'd with his Civilities and obliging Offers, and through such *Politeness* wins the Hearts of all.

That

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That which most distinguishes the *Polite* from other Men, is, that even and easy Conduct they observe in all the different Conjunctions they meet, whatever sort of People they have to deal with: They are not easily disturb'd at those Occasions of Disturbance which are continually thrown in their way. They make as if they did not see and hear all that is said and done. They know how to yield seasonably to divert the Storm, and allow something to the Extravagancies and Caprices of those they have to do with; whereas an impolite Man, little practis'd in the World, is always complaining of the ill Proceedings of other People. He brutishly throws them in their Teeth, without any regard to *Decorum*; he torments himself about Trifles, and heightens the least Peccadillo's and Occasions for Spleen, into unpardonable Crimes: In short, he disturbs his own Repose, and that of other Men.

The Necessity of a Man's Affairs, or of his Profession or Employment, often obliges him to do an hundred Things that displease People; but he must endeavour to soften their Resentments with fair Words. If unlucky Conjunctions engage you, whether you will or not, to make such Steps as others have no Reason to be content with, your *Politeness* must help to justify the Sincerity of your Intentions, by giving them to understand, it is neither out of a Frolick, nor ill Humour, nor through a Desire to disoblige them by a premeditated Design, that you take this Method.

'Tis

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'Tis a Misery in Life, to be acquainted and converse with rough-hewn and untractable People, who have ever some Occasion or other for quarrelling with you upon the least Trifles. If they are Persons whom you respect, and ought to keep fair with, you must observe Measures, and use Artifices to break off so troublesome a Correspondence, but this without wounding the Rules of *Politeness*, or giving manifest Occasions for Complaint. You must see them as seldom as possible; you must dexterously avoid them, without letting them perceive you shun them: At other Times you may excuse yourself upon pressing Business, that can't be deferr'd to another Opportunity. By this means you'll disuse them from seeing you, and by Degrees be deliver'd from their importunate Visits.

There's no Hopes of finding, in the Commerce of this World, any perfect and accomplish'd People; every one has his Infirmities, and we must excuse or dissemble Faults when they are not attended with unhappy Consequences. Allow others the same Indulgence you yourself would expect from them. 'Tis unpardonable ill Breeding to exaggerate a Fault, and give Confusion to the Person guilty of it. Is he not sufficiently punish'd by the Shame and Indignation, which results from his Folly?

When you are oblig'd to keep Company with People destitute of *Politeness* and Complaisance, who affect to insult and contradict you

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you at every Turn, you can't help feeling the Emotions of Indignation and Disdain, and your Blood rises at the very Sight of them. Persuade yourself that these Vices, if you are guilty of them, have the same Effect upon others, and that they'll no more pardon them in you, than you pardon 'em in them.

'Tis Defect of *Politeness* to let Women perceive the Indifference or Contempt you have for them; by this you give them to understand they are neither handsome nor amiable, and so rob them of those soft Ideas that so agreeably flatter their Self-love. Why should you tell *Belisa*, to her Face, that she is of the wrong Side of Forty; she every where proclaims she is but Four and twenty; the White and Red, which she disposes with Art and Niceness, new-vamp the Decays of her Face, and serve her instead of real Charms. She comforts herself whilst she beholds in her Glass the Vivacity of her Complexion, which she nevertheless constantly buys of the honest Mil-liner.

'Tis no true *Politeness*, that of certain People, who promise their Interest and good Offices to all Comers; they depend upon their Words, but the Occasion manifests the Vanity of their Promises. People are not to be amused with fruitless Caresses, when the Posture of their Affairs demands essential Services. They would be much more oblig'd to you, if you told them plainly you were incapable of doing for them what they desire of you; for then they would take other Measures.

Men

Men love not to do one another Justice ; Being unaffected with the good Qualities of their Rivals, they are only attentive to find out their Infirmities: They still contemplate them on their worst sides, and refuse them their Esteem for the least Imperfection they can discover in them, tho' otherwise they have very estimable Talents.

Some People set up for *Politeness*, by caressing equally all Mankind, and paying Civilities to the first Comer, tho' they hardly know his Name. They make Offers of Service with the same Warmth, to a Coxcomb, as to a Man of Honour ; but there they stop, and make no farther Advances, either for one or the other. What do they mean by these prostituted Compliments and Caresses?

Whatever Advances you make for Persons of a certain Character, they still find one Reason or other to blame and censure you. In vain you study to please them ; you will never smooth their rugged Foreheads: When you have exceeded all they could reasonably expect from your Complaisance, they are still unsatisfied: Nay, what is yet more odd and whimsical, they are so rude as to complain of your Indifference, and the little Zeal you express to do them Service ; whereas if you required from them the least part of what you have done on their Behalfs, they would think you unsufferable.

In communicating Secrets, we should not bring under that Name Trifles, consider'd as Mysteries. 'Tis derogatory to good Sense to

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over-rate such Affairs as deserve not so much as a bare Attention ; but 'tis importuning our Friends to give them *Nothings* under the Seal of Secresy, which are not worth the hearing.

'Tis easier to find Men of Parts and Learning, than such as are *polite* and agreeable ; the Reason is, Science is contracted in the College by dint of Reading and Study, to which nothing is wanting but Eyes and Ears, and a moderate Genius : But *Politeness* is not to be obtain'd but by the Commerce of *polite* People ; nor is that sufficient without Judgment and Reflexion. How many are there that spend all their Lives at Court and among great Men, and yet remain rough and unpolish'd. Country People, with all their Pains, can never get rid of a certain Earthiness and native Rust that's most opposite to *Politeness*. They may please at first by their Agreements, but if the Acquaintance lasts, we fail not to discover in their Manners and Behaviour something infinitely disgustful to nice Persons, who have the least Notion of true *Politeness*.

What would be hardly thought credible, is, that the Travels our Country Gentlemen make abroad, render them but more foolish and impertinent, and that the approaching the Air of the *French* Court does but give a new Varnish to their *Ridicule*. They think it a great Addition to their Merit to have seen the *Tuileries*, *Luxemburg-House*, and the *Brazen-Horses*, and look down with Contempt on those

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those who have been in no other Country but their own. They fatigue all Companies with everlasting Accounts of what they have observ'd in *France*, or read in the Collection of the *Curiosities of Paris*. 'Tis not sufficient to visit this City, to view its Bridges, and the *Hotel des Invalides*; it is only the Conversation with the genteel Part of its Inhabitants that can file off their rustical Adhesions. The Sight of the Streets and Houses, and the Discourse of the People where you lodge, contribute little towards *Politeness*; and, what is still worse, you see Country Sparks, when they come to Town, unless they have a good deal of Sense, assume a false and ascitious Air, which spoils all that is good in them; by travestying their Temper.

If we saw none but Persons of Merit that we respected, we should insensibly receive a Tincture of *Politeness*, which would greatly contribute towards the Formation and Regulation of our Manners. Our Complaisance for Men of this Character, and a Desire of pleasing them, infuses certain Charms and Graces, which we should slight in a Commerce with People we have no Consideration for, nor care to cultivate. There's less Pains in submitting to the Sentiments of those we respect, and 'tis this Complaisance that carries us to a great Degree of *Politeness*.

The *Polite* have an Art to dissemble any thing that's harshly or offensively spoke to them, to avoid a Quarrel; whereas he that's all of a Piece takes Fire, and calls for *Eclaircissements*

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ments upon the least Trifles. Such sort of People are Enemies to their own and others Quiet.

They are much to be pitied who are born with ill Qualities. There are People naturally Clownish, Impolite, Disobliging, Brutal, Disrespectful to every Body, and purposely affrontive in Discourse. Men of this Make and Complexion have a long way to come at *Politeness*; and will never attain to it, unless they condescend to some prudent and understanding Friend, who may take their Cure upon him; or unless they have a long Commerce with *Polite* Persons, whom they shall endeavour to please and imitate.

I can hardly guess the Reason, why Persons of the greatest Knowledge are commonly the least *Polite*. We observe in their Ways and Manners, something that's wild and rustick; and they have neither Insinuation, nor Agreeableness, nor Complaisance. In the mean time, Science ought to contribute towards softening and polishing their Minds; whereas Experience unluckily teaches, that it has a quite contrary Effect on the Learned by Profession. Whether they disdain to be sociable with the rest of Mankind, and to make use of their Understanding in common Conversation; or else that they neglect to be tied to those little Particulars requir'd by the Offices of civil Life; or that they are really ignorant of them; they have a Stiffness and Harshness in their Behaviour, which makes them formidable to the *Polite*.

Politeness

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Politeness is not learn'd like Musick, or any other Science. 'Tis acquir'd by the converse of well-bred Men. Persons born and educated at Court have something about them that's easy, natural and *polite*, which is not to be acquir'd by Art, whatever Pains is taken for it. 'Tis true indeed, Nature contributes much towards it, and that many are indebted to their happy Tempers for that Fund of *Politeness* which renders them so amiable.

It requires a great Talent, and a singular Merit, together with a large Stock of *Politeness*, to be able to maintain a long Commerce with the same Persons, and to continue still agreeable. There are Moments wherein we relax, and are not in an Humour to constrain ourselves, to conceal our Faults and Imperfections. This View wounds the Eyes of those we converse with, and undeceives them. These new Discoveries destroy the Respect they had for our Merit: Indifference succeeds their Zeal for us; and this is properly what is the Ruin of Friendships, which can't survive the Destruction of a reciprocal Esteem.

Such as are rich, or have made their Fortunes, naturally despise those that continue Indigent, in spite of all the fine Qualities they may be Masters of: The Talents of the Mind are but little valu'd by the Generality of People, when a Man has no other Merit to recommend him. In my Opinion, the Rich should express some Mark of Esteem to those that are not so; as a means to lenify in some sort their Discontent, and comfort them at a
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little Charge. 'Tis Misfortune enough to be in Want; ought you to redouble their Uneasiness, and insult them for their ill Circumstances?

Could we believe it, unless we saw it with our Eyes, that in an Age so *polite*, witty, and refin'd as ours, young People should grow so unaccountably wild and brutal, as to hold the same Discourse with Women respectable for their Birth and Character, as with vulgar Girls? And what is wonderful, the nicest Ladies start not at it, provided it be wrapp'd in ambiguous Terms. *Politeness* teaches us to treat People suitably to their Condition, and to have Deference and Respect for those that merit them. Young *Cleon* the other Day made a Visit to *Celanire*; he found five or six Women of the first Quality in her Company. He was half drunk, and had just bolted from a Tavern, where he had made a notable Treat. Was this a Plight fit for him to shew himself in to Women of high Birth? He entertain'd them with his Intrigues and Mistresses; he shew'd them Love-Letters, with which his Pockets were full; he made horrible Satires on all the Sex, and their ill Conduct, without Reserve, or Distinction, or any Respect to the Ladies he spoke to. After all this impertinent Stuff, he departed well satisfied with himself, singing aloud upon the Stair-case, absolutely unconcern'd at all the Extravagancies he had been venting. What Idea can we have of a Man of Quality's just entering upon the World, that sets out at this Rate?

Young

Young People seldom suit themselves to the Conversation of the Old, which are naturally morose and imperious: Tho' they have liv'd long, they have not learnt the Art of Living; being desirous to subject every body's Conduct to their Caprices and odd Humours. Were they more conversable and *polite*, their Society might be a good School for the Young, who might reap the Profit of their long Experience. Old Age has of itself too many Faults and Disagreements, without the Addition of Chagrin and ill Humour. I would fain have Persons of an advanc'd Age resemble *Cleobulus*: Old Age in him is neither morose, distasteful, nor magisterial. Without condescending to a juvenile Character, he accommodates his Behaviour to all sorts of Tempers; if he does not give himself to Diversions; if he preserves the Decorum and Seriousness which his Age inspires, at least he is no troublesome Censurer, nor finds Fault with others Pleasures: The Employes he has had in the Court and Army, the Sciences he has studiously cultivated, furnish him with a thousand curious Things, which render his Conversation as pleasant as instructive. People always depart satisfied from his Company, charm'd with his *Politeness*, and instructed in an hundred Facts he was Witness of, which he communicates without Pride or Intreaty to all that are desirous to hear him, and willing to profit by his Information.

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The Reason why Young People shun the Company of the Old as much as possible, is, that they can't endure the Constraint they find in their Society. The Chagrin of old Age, diffuses itself thro' the Persons of old Men, and gives a Dislike to every thing they say or do. Being incapacitated for Pleasure, they would, as it were, make themselves amends, by censuring in others, what they themselves did when young. This mis-tim'd Reprehension has but little Effect on Youth, which sticks rather to the Examples they have given, than to the fine Maxims they now dictate. *Acasto* pronounces the handsomest Lectures imaginable to his Son upon the Mischiefs of Gallantry: He tells him, with an angry Look, that 'tis the Wreck of a Man's Fortune, and that he who is eagerly engag'd with Love, can never think seriously on any thing else. Perhaps *Acasto's* Maxims might have made some Impression on the Mind of his Son, if the ill Examples he gave with them did not baffle their Effect; or if he had more softned and insinuated his Instructions.

The Antique Gentlemen are more formal, starched and ceremonious than the Modern, who can't conform to these studied Rules and Grimaces. True *Politeness* does not consist herein; the Mode at present demands a little more Liberty; but such as observe Measure and *Decorum*. Without this *Salvo*, the Liberty degenerates into a License no ways suitable to *Polite* Persons, and even unpardonable in Pages. But the Medium betwixt the Excess
of

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of Constraint and Liberty, is hard to be found, and requires Attention to what is capable of disgusting or pleasing Men of Judgment. Whoever has hit upon this Temper, is in the ready Road that leads to *Politeness*.

Is it to pass for *Polite*, that a certain sort of Men, make a Trade of saying luscious and pretty Things, to all the Women they meet? The fair and the brown have the same Treatment; neither Quality nor Merit makes any Distinction in their Compliments, which they repeat, like Parrots, to all alike; as if they had learn'd a Part by Heart, and were playing it on the Stage. Women of Taste and Sense, have no Relish for these Impertinences, which make their Stomachs rise; but there are Fools every where to be found, that imbibe the Poison as if it were Nectar, and are ravish'd with being incens'd thus like Idols. You are of a Profession *Belani*, that excuses you from acting the gallant Part. Your Band and Gown impose on you certain Rules, which you can't in Decency dispense with. Yet 'tis you alone, that in all Places where you come, are so vigilant to pay little Assiduities to Women: Leave that officious Part to Sparks and Beaus, and put your self upon Employments more consistent with your Character. You'll meet with never the more Esteem for being so genteel, so assiduous, and so complaisant.

The *Politeness* that becomes an Officer of the Army, is of a different Kind from that which suits with a Dean of a Church, whose Character

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racter is more serious, and requires more caution and reserve. A Magistrate is oblig'd to be grave, modest, and circumspect, but should not, however, suffer his Gravity to degenerate into Austerity, so as to forbid Access to him. The boldest Solicitors tremble when they are to accost *Varlius*. His Forehead stands always bent with Wrinkles. He is harsh and inaccessible on every side; he affects the *Laconick Pithiness* of an Oracle; his Mouth opens and shuts with Pullies, and he turns his Eyes like a Pagod. This Affectation throws him out of his Temper, and exposes him to Laughter, instead of procuring him Respect.

The *Politeness* of Women consists not in those starch'd and affected Airs they put on, to seem more precise. Of whatever Character they are, they should not appear so wild and fear'd when certain People pay their Civilities, and say obliging Things to them. 'Tis an antiquated Piece of Policy, to counterfeit the Severe, and assume a scrupulous Coyness on the least Service that is offer'd them: 'Tis ten to one but those that take peratthis rate, and grow more wild and untractable, the more you try to sooth and tame them with Caresses and Complaisance, are not so modest as they affect to be thought. But this Management of theirs is insignificant enough to them.

The *Politest* Women, who have Merit, and think themselves handsome, have a hard Task to keep in their Indignation when others are prais'd in their Company who have more Reputation of Beauty. They examine with a malicious

licious Curiosity, every Feature in their Adversaries Faces, that they may find some Irregularity and Defect in them, which gives them new Courage and Consolation. This Discovery is a kind of Triumph, and they can't prevent some Signs of their ill-natur'd Joy, upon the flattering Hopes of eclipsing their Rivals. But all the disobliging Things they can say, instead of raising their own Merit, does but make them despis'd; they think they are applauded, when they are laugh'd at to their Faces.

Women have been a long time lectur'd on the Subject of Slander, but without Success. The most moving Arguments do but serve to afford them a larger Field. They have taken their Ply, and it is grown an establish'd Custom with them, to tear Peoples Reputations, to censure their most innocent Actions, and to expose them in such Lights and Colours as may make them monstrous. In the mean time, this Practice denotes a great want of *Politeness*, and as great a Fund of Ill-nature.

Handsome Women rest satisfy'd with being so, and easily flatter themselves, that such as have only a great deal of Wit, without external Charms, can't stand before them. They are so intoxicated with the Fumes of Incense offer'd by their officious Admirers, that they insensibly contract Airs of Pride and Haughtiness, very opposite to *Politeness* and Civility, that would become them, and give a new Lustre to their Beauty. These Attitudes make the rest of the Sex desperate, who

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who engage in offensive and defensive Confederacies to humble and destroy them. They narrowly watch their Conduct, and give no Quarter, upon the first false Steps they make. 'Tis a nice and hazardous Affair, to offer to usurp the Empire of Beauty: The Ladies that think themselves interested, grow dangerous Rivals, and play all sorts of Engines to maintain themselves in their Privileges, and shake off an Usurpation so hateful and opposite to their Glory.



Of



Of Modest Sentiments.

'TIS impossible to arrive at Politeness without *Modest Sentiments*, because Pride, and a haughty Demeanour, are the most Natural Sources of Impoliteness. *Modesty* dissipates that Charm and Mist, which Pride inspires into the Mind of Man, and which hides him from himself. This Deception magnifies the Idea of his own Merit, and lessens that which he ought to have of his personal Failings. *Modesty* is a kind of Varnish, which sets off our natural Talents, and gives them a Lustre: And 'tis certain, a great Merit is more penetrating, when attended with *modest* Notions.

On the contrary, whatever Merit a Man may have, he sets the World against him, when he presumes too much upon it. Why are we mov'd with Indignation against those who have admirable Talents; but that they are too conceited of them, and appear too well satisfied with themselves? A pretty Woman, who is not ostentatious of her Desert, is much more amiable than a haughty Beauty, who presumes that all the World ought to pay Homage to her Charms. And as our Excellencies are not to be boasted, so neither should we counterfeit a
Contempt

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Contempt of them. This is nothing but a Refinement of Pride, and a By-way of bespeaking Commendation.

A *Modest* Person acts evenly, and without Formality: He seeks not to recommend himself; nor courts elemosinary Applauses. When they are given him for Things that don't deserve them, he is but slightly touch'd with them; nor do his Spirits boil, when they are unjustly refus'd him. He has no high Idea of his personal Merit; and 'tis a Pleasure to him, to do Justice to that of others. He praises them without Reluctance, when they have done any thing praise-worthy; and never invidiously hears the Elogies that are given them; which are Things not incident to Souls but of a Noble Make.

He never complains of the want of Defe-
rence and Respect due to him; nor cavils with People, if they forget to perform some little Formalities, or are too stiff in their Bows. He refuses to take place of his Equals; and complains not of the Preference is given sometimes to his Prejudice.

If he has any good Qualities, he knows withal they are balanc'd with Imperfections; which he casts not out of Sight. This View renders him more easy, when on some Occasions he is denied the Praises he deserves. If this Injustice give him some Mortification, he is so wise as to stifle his Discontent, and not to fatigue the World with eternal Complaints of the Injuries have been done him.

Fine

Fine Talents, and eminent Qualities, are not sufficient of themselves, to purchase the Esteem and Affection of Men. 'Tis moreover requisite, not to applaud ourselves for them, nor make a pompous Show of them. If you discover, in a contemptuous Look, your small Esteem of others, and your high Opinion of yourself; or if you assume too great an Ascendant over them, you'll bring all the World upon your Back. Your Merit will become a Rock of Offence, and be more to your Prejudice than Advantage; because we feel a secret Indignation against those that eclipse us, and spare nothing to excuse ourselves from so ungrateful a Superiority.

Whatever Parts, Understanding or Merit, you fancy you have; if you would be acceptable to rational People, be sure you pretend to nothing, nor make a vain Shew of your Knowledge: That serves only to dazzle Fools; whose Approbation must be very indifferent to Men of real Merit, who can be only affected with the Esteem of intelligent People.

This Maxim is very little practis'd: for the way now-a-days is, when a Man has any Abilities, to put himself forward at any Rate: And he takes a secret Pleasure in exposing his Wares; no matter whether to the judicious, or to Coxcombs of neither Skill nor Ingenuity.

Damon can't be denied to have Wit, and fine Qualities; but the Fault is, he knows it too well. He is full of it on all Occasions; and is his own Panegyrist, where others will
not

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not be at the Pains to praise him. He has a wonderful Faculty for Poetry, but he stuns all that come near him, with the Recital of his Verses. He shews how he relishes them himself, when he reads them, and every Word puts him into an Extasy ; but the Pleasure he takes, hinders that of others, and the Applauses he bestows on himself, excuses them from the Trouble of applauding them. That which would make him courted, if he made a good use of it, is the Cause of his being shunn'd as an impertinent Scribbler.

There's so great a Correspondence betwixt those Springs that move the Heart, and those that move the Countenance, that we may judge by this outward Dial-plate how the Clock-work goes in the Soul. A Woman of too stately a Gate, too haughty and presumptuous a Look, and a Forehead that never blushes, has no great Fund of *Modesty*, generally speaking : Whereas a soft and *modest* Air, that has nothing wild or over-free in it, is almost a certain Sign that all is regular within.

Those that are deliberating about the Choice of a Wife, may with the greatest Ease discover their Tempers, provided they apply themselves to the examining certain Motions that escape them unawares.

Those that design to dazzle Mankind, make a glaring Shew at first of all their Merchandize, which Method is mightily mistaking their own Interests. To keep People long in Suspense and Admiration, 'tis sometimes convenient to shew but a Sample of the Piece, and
lay

lay it open by Degrees. 'Tis Art and good Management sometimes to disguise our good Qualities, and greater Wit than is imagin'd to conceal our Wit, being a sure Means never to be the Property of others.

Artifice grows useless, when it becomes suspected, because it puts People upon their Guard, who avoid a Man of Stratagem as a Spy.

The continual Politicks our Neighbour *Datys* employs in every thing, make him miscarry in all the Affairs he undertakes: He uses the same Subterfuges, Insinuation, and Cunning, in Trifles, as if the Matter were of the greatest Consequence. And as every body is persuaded he has still some little Trick in his Head, so he is always mistrusted, and no body cares to treat with him, for fear of being deceiv'd.

Modesty is the most convenient Veil to skreen from the clearest-sighted People such Things as we mean to keep secret from them; *modest* Persons bear some Resemblance with those Rivers that flow under Ground, they lie hid to the Eyes of the World, having the same Address to conceal their good Qualities, as vain People have to expose them.

Men have for some time neglected to do sufficient Justice to Women, upon the Score of *Modesty*; for 'tis certain there are abundance that are discreet and regular; and the Number of those that forget themselves, is not so great as is imagin'd. For twenty that disparage themselves by their ill Conduct, we might find

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find a thousand that are to be esteem'd for their Virtues. The Deception consists in this, that *Coquetry* makes a Noise, whilst no body is at the Pains to bring the virtuous Woman upon the Stage; who is content to discharge her Duty, without publishing it to the World. 'Tis a farther Piece of Injustice to accuse those of being Formalists who have a Bias towards Severity, and to call their Virtue nothing but Grimace.

That which hinders us from *modest* Notions, is, our Unacquaintance with ourselves: A Woman but moderately handsome fancies wondrous Conquests, and vainly persuades herself all that see her are captivated by her Charms. A Man who has the least Pretensions to Wit presumes he is one of the most sublime, and the first-rate Wits. He that harangues in publick, thinks he speaks wonderfully well, and is amaz'd to find the Applauses refus'd him, which he fancies are due to him.

Observe now your Folly, *Dorilas*; your Pleas are fill'd with trivial Things, and yet you speak in the Tone of an Oracle. You imagine you eclipse the Glory of all the ancient and modern Orators, and are surpriz'd you are not humm'd at the End of every Period. You sometimes complain of the Injustice of your Age, and appeal from it to Posterity, to judge of your Desert. This Illusion, however, is a good Amusement to your Vanity.

'Tis

'Tis a rare thing to find a Man possess'd with a just Notion of his own and others Abilities and Deserts; whatever little Merit he has, he thinks himself qualified for great Employments, and if they fall not to his Share, he complains that he has not Justice done him. This Presumption is a certain Sign of an indifferent Merit.

Dartimon is not content with being a Colonel, but would be a Major-General: He is always complaining of his Fortune, and preferring himself to the first Officers in the Army. What Method of Cure is there for Men of *Dartimon's* Character? They court nothing but their Prejudice, and think themselves injur'd when you have done for them even what was beyond your Duty.

Is it want of Eyes, or Brains, or Reflexion, that makes Men so opinionated with their own Merit? Or rather, is it not want of *Modesty*, that throws off their View from their personal Faults, for fear the Prospect should offend them? Those very Men that are so quick-sighted as to the minuteft and most imperceptible Faults of their Neighbours, and pursue them with bitter Raillery and Satire, are blind to the grossest Vices in themselves, which render them despicable, and are obvious to all the World.

The Countess of *Sarlac* is horribly shap'd, and halts downright, and yet she does not perceive it, but rallies (on all Occasions) the Countess of *Syret* her Friend, who has one Shoulder a little out of Place. This is the
Frame

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Frame and Make of the whole Sex, still full of themselves, and the Power of their Charms. They censure all others, but who are not behind-hand with them in their Satire.

'Tis to be finical, rather than difficult, to be always finding Fault, and so prone to censure as People commonly are. True Delicacy is always on the Side of good Sense, and approves whatever is good, where-ever it finds it; those unjust Disgusts you manifest for what is excellent, betray the Folly of your Caprice, and depreciate you with just Reasoners.

We ought to do Justice to all Men, and to be glad when others have Merit, and are praised for it; it being a malignant Baseness to attempt to lower those Sails the Publick has hoisted, and refuse to throw in our Suffrage with all the World. Do you think your Merit will be the greater, when by Obloquy you have destroy'd that of your envied Competitor? The good Esteem a Man has of himself, makes him impatient of Rivals; the Competition of the same Abilities raises our Spleen and Indignation against the Possessors, who dispute us this kind of Superiority, so extremely grateful to Self-love.

It does not become any body magisterially to determine upon Matters that are subject of Conversation; the Learned are consider'd as Impertinents and Pedants, when they pretend to tutor others, and usurp a Sovereignty of Sense. A prudent Man, that speaks only to the Purpose, makes no Ostentation of his Knowledge,

Knowledge, nor is ambitious to be admir'd for it, by this Reserve attracts the Esteem and Affection of all the Company.

'Tis very rare for those that doat on their own Merit, to see any in others, or to do them Justice. They think their imaginary Worth sets them above all Rules, and dispenses with all *Decorum*; as if every thing was their due, and they ow'd nothing to any body else. This Presumption is a kind of Drunkenness that destroys Self-consciousness, and makes them blind and insensible to themselves. Like intoxicated People, that see every thing double. Men infatuated with their Merit, magnify and multiply their good Qualities, When any Woman's Beauty is commended before *Belina*, she substitutes herself in the Place of the Person praised. If *Amarante* be celebrated for the Largeness and Sprightliness of her Eyes, she acknowledges it, but adds, she should be sorry if her own were not finer. When *Argelia*'s fine Shape and Agreements are mention'd, she discovers the Faults of her, and sets herself up for a Pattern of what the other wants.

Men of the greatest Wit and most extensive Views, are often guilty of notorious Errors; but their Regret to be mistaken, makes them obstinately defend their Extravagances, and vilify those that let them see their Follies. The ridiculous Pride they are possess'd with, taints and depreiates all their Talents. A few Grains more of *Modesty* would not a little set them off.

'Tis

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'Tis a common Infirmary with those that think themselves deserving, to envy such as set out with a growing Reputation ; and they seldom pardon a Man his fine Qualities, that procure a general Esteem. Profess'd Wits can't bear to see a young Man distinguish himself, and begin to attract the Approbation of worthy Persons. What an heart-breaking is it to a Woman, who is reckon'd handsome, to have a young Beauty come in play, and out-shine all that come near her ? But I can't conceive why *Clarinda*, who is neither young nor handsome, is so mortify'd with the Applauses given to *Julia's* blooming Face, or why *Bardus*, who has neither Wit, nor any Intention of publishing any thing, should rage, like Wild-fire, against all that *Darimon* prints, and the World reads with so much Pleasure.

I think a Man very unhappy, who has not sufficient Judgment to know the Price of Things, and distinguish what's excellent from what is bad or indifferent : But 'tis grand Impertinence obstinately to defend one's Opinion, and to reject all the Arguments that are offer'd to shew the Caprice of an irregular Taste. Here you see the Reason why we often hearken to such ridiculous Disputes in Conversation, and bear the Dotage of People for their own Opinions, be they never so extravagant. A Man of just Sense and Penetration, knows, at first Sight, what's good and ought to please, and sticks to that, without suffering himself to be misled by false Appearances, which only dazzle Fools : But small is the Number of these

these nice Judges, which is the Reason so many bad Things meet with Approbation, and have a Vogue in the World. People eminent for their Quality and Posts, rule the Suffrages of those beneath them, commanding Deference of Judgment, as well as outward Respect and Complaisance. Dependants dare not to be of a contrary Opinion; mean time, 'tis a servile Submission, and only purchases Contempt, seemingly to approve what we inwardly condemn.

The most judicious are sometimes at a Loss how to manage themselves in nice Affairs, and make no Scruple to confess it: Wits of a lower size are not so timorous in giving their Opinions. Consult *Celidon* upon a knotty Argument, that demands deep Reflexions, and he'll give you his Resolution, without hesitating, and with a wonderful Assurance. If *Celidon* had more Sense, he would be less venturous in his Decisions: His Presumption is no ambiguous sign of the Short-sightedness of his Understanding.

'Tis a great Source of Impertinence to have too fond an Opinion of our selves and our own Performances. We ought not to be the first to admire any of our own Exploits, but are to leave that part to others. What signifies a vain Complaisance for our own Works, if others are not affected with them, nor perceive the Beauties which so charmingly strike us? Let us not suffer our Eyes to be puff'd up with the Fumes of Incense that is given us purely out of Complaisance; and let us be ever upon
our

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our Guard against those ill-natur'd *Ironies*, employ'd by such as know our blind Side, and how to sport with our Credulity.

There's no body without some particular Vanity ; but that which is the least pardonable, is the ridiculous Pride of certain People, who think they have sublime Merit, and will allow no body else a share with them. Alas that behold *Cleonice* without an envious Eye, honestly confess, there's hardly a more accomplish'd Woman to be found : They observe secret Graces, and certain delicate Agreements in her Person, which there's no withstanding. She has a certain graceful and airy Character which inspirits every thing she says, and what would have no Effect in another's Mouth. They admire the Delicacy of her Wit, and the Flexibility of her insinuating Temper, which gives her what Form she pleases, according to the Diversity of Occasions. Now ask *Barsina* what she thinks of *Cleonice*, and she'll tell you, *The Woman's well enough.*

Fine Women can hardly withstand that Complacency and Self-satisfaction which their Beauty inspires ; and no body goes about to prohibit them so tender a Pleasure. But that which we would beg of them, is to taste this Satisfaction in secret, and not let their Sentiments appear ; that they would take care of a certain finical and affected Deportment, which has always I know not what *Ridicule* in it. Beauty has but half its Effect, when 'tis not supported with the Charms of Wit. We sometimes wonder handsome Women make so few

few Conquests; but the Reason is, the Maggotry of their Carriage, which dispels the Charms of their Beauty, and creates distaste in the very Garden of Delight. *Celiana's* Flatterers tell her, she is the handsomest Woman in *England*; and yet Persons of good Taste have long ceas'd to admire her, because she is too stupid to support a Conversation long. The Eyes are tir'd with gazing on fine Colours; and Pleasures which the Mind can't partake of, grow languid and insipid. *Celiana* not only wants Wit, but is so exceeding ridiculous, as to think she abounds with it. She admires the Fooleries that escape her at every turn, and thinks she speaks pretty Things, when even she says little or nothing to the Purpose.

The Reason of Men's having such advantageous Notions on their own Behalf, is the want of Attention to understand themselves. Every one has his particular Infirmities and Follies; but the wonder is, we should upbraid others with Faults which we ourselves are more grossly guilty of. We take it very ill if they don't correct them, because we suffer by them; but they on their Part make no less Complaints. *Datiny* taxes *Celanor* with his Spirit of Contradiction, which makes him always take the opposite Side to whatever is advanc'd, without any regard to the Rank and Dignity of the Speaker: Mean time there's not a more uncomplaisant and exceptionable Man than *Datiny*, who is a Stranger to

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himself, and yet thinks he is sociable and good-natur'd.

If we did but reflect, it would be easy to observe, that the too great Desire of out-shining and dazzling others, renders Conversation disagreeable. We are willing, at any rate, to give a great Idea of our Merit. This Desire puts us upon a Flow of Talk, without giving others the Leisure or Opportunity to exert their small Talents; and so they depart sour'd and provok'd against those that have thus kept them in Amusement. The Day that *Gelantine* has been at a Play, or other Diversion, woe be to such as shall fall into her Company; for they must not hope to speak a Word, she being a Torrent that will carry all before her. She criticises on every Verse, and gives the Description both of all the Actors, and all the Auditors: Here is a spacious Field for her to walk in; and when the Matter is exhausted, she introduces *Episodes*, which still keep her in play, and furnish her wherewithal to teize the Company to death.

Whence come those scandalous Disorders we see in Marriages, but from the bad Education Young Women have receiv'd? Never were known so many Divorces, nor so many Law-Suits about them. All Young Women are eagerly solicitous to be married, and all married Women as desirous to be Widows. Scarce have they patience to wait till a natural Death delivers them from their Husbands, whom they look upon as Tyrants, or rather as their greatest Enemies. 'T would not be credible, unless

unless we saw it with our Eyes, to what Remedies they have Recourse, and into what a Gulph of Miseries they plunge themselves, to be freed from so tyrannical a Yoke.

We see Men put on all sorts of Forms to make themselves esteem'd; but commonly they mistake their Aim, and do just the contrary to what they pretend. The first time we see a Man, we make the utmost Effort to prejudice him in favour of our Merit: We discourse to him of our Birth, our Fortune, our Employ, and the admirable Qualities we fancy ourselves endu'd with. We exhaust this Topick, and insinuate we have Wit, but *modestly*, and with some Remains of Shame-fac'dness. As for our other Talents, we amplify them without Ceremony, and leave nothing unsaid. This is mistaking our Interests; the great Art consists in not suffering ourselves to be fathom'd at first sight, and giving time to others to observe the good Qualities we are Masters of.

Men that are prepossessed with their own Merit, always contemplate themselves on the best side, and never admit any humbling and mortifying Reflexions. In the mean time be assured, that whatever Accomplishments you fancy you have, they are mingled with a Thousand Imperfections, which make a considerable Counterpoize.

I would fain know why we should be disturb'd and overgrown with Spleen, because we are denied the Praises that are heap'd on less deserving Persons. Our Reputation depends

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not on the fantastick Humours of Men, and the vain Praises they bestow on us. What signifies it, that *Argefilus*, who is but a Coxcomb, publishes every where that you want Sense? Will the impertinent Stuff he vents to your Disadvantage, rob you of your Excellencies, or hinder Men of Worth from doing you Justice?

'Tis not always the good Fortune of a great Merit to carry the Suffrage of the Publick. How many are esteem'd, because they are not sufficiently known? And because they put on so artful a Disguise, as makes it impossible to penetrate the Recesses of their Souls? The Vulgar are easily dazzled with the Glimpses of a fictitious Virtue, but Men of good Judgment and *Reflexion* are not to be over-reach'd. They see clearly, but take no notice, reserving their Discoveries to themselves, and suffering a Fool to enjoy his pretended Reputation. 'Tis much, when People of this Character have sufficient *Modesty* not to flatter themselves with the Notions of a mighty Merit.

There are a thousand Complainants of the World's Injustice, as what heightens their Imperfection, and sinks the Price of their good Qualities. This is often owing to themselves, in not taking all the Precautions to conceal their Faults, or making a right use of the Motives to Esteem. I know this depends upon good Fortune and a propitious Planet; but I also know, that we often ruin it, by a sort of Supinuity that exposes our weak sides. 'Tis common for one Affair well manag'd, to create

us a great Reputation, and as frequent for one false Step to destroy it beyond Recovery. For when once our Fame has but a Wing clipt, 'tis impossible for it to soar again; and all the Pains we take to that purpose, make us but flutter in the Dirt.

'Tis no sure and infallible way to gain the Esteem of Men, to convince them of our Qualifications; on the contrary, this exasperates them against us, as being mad to think we design to out-shine them. The best way is to allow them to have Wit, and let them see that we are persuaded of it. This Complaisance is more engaging than all our other Pretensions, and they will be willing to grant us their Esteem, when they believe they merit ours.

They that set up for extraordinary Learning, are very untractable upon that Score; they believe all Merit confin'd to their own Persons, and so have but little Consideration for that of others: They would be much more worthy, if they had a less Share of Erudition. The Fault lies not in the Learning, which is most proper to form and fashion the Mind, but in the Learned who make not a good use of it. This confus'd Knowledge gives them a whimsical Demeanour, and a haughty and supercilious Carriage; insomuch that they look down with Compassion on those that understand less *Greek* and *Latin* than themselves. But in requital, they are treated as Pedants, dismissed to their Colleges, and shun'd as Creatures of a most insipid Conversation.

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Nor is the other Extream to be less avoided; for there are People to be met with, that make their Ignorance meritorious, and think that Application to any serious Study will disgrace 'em. Our Age is tolerably retriev'd from this Illusion; since the greatest Princes apply so much to Learning, that there are no Arts or Sciences unknown to them: And they even excel in many kinds of Knowledge. 'Tis certain too, that our Court abounds with Men of a learned Rank, who can signalize themselves in the fine Arts, like *Cæsar*, who was able to dispute the Empire of Eloquence with *Cicero*: But he prefer'd the Glory of Arms, and the Mastery of the World, before shining at the Bar.

No body pretends to lay an *Embargo* on Womens Wit, or to prohibit their Display of it, when they have it; all that we would advise them to, is a little Easiness and Condescension; that they would vouchsafe to speak naturally, and not to use so many Contorsions and Grimaces, when they have a mind to acquaint the World that they have Wit. These Affectations disparage them more than they imagine, and give an Air of *Ridicule* to the best things they say.

How uncommon a thing it is, not to envy Men their extraordinary Accomplishments! And what a Soul must a Man have to over-rule so natural an Infirmary! She must be more than Woman, that envies not the Merit of another's Beauty, and can patiently bear the Encomiums that are given her. Women can't
suffer

suffer Rivals in this particular, no more than Men can bear Competition in point of Wit. We have often recourse to very sordid Arts to destroy that importunate Merit, which the Publick owns to be extraordinary. There are no Moments of Life, wherein a Man should have a greater Guard on himself, than when Persons are praised before him for those very Qualities he pretends to excel in. Were not this *Dorasto's* Weakness, he would be an accomplish'd Person. His fine Wit is answerable to his graceful Mien, and there is neither Art nor Science but he is acquainted with it. He is of a Rank that gives him an extraordinary Ascendant, and he might well wave the Desert that accrues from the *Belles Lettres*. Notwithstanding this, you put him upon the Rack, and he can't keep in his Indignation, when you commend any one before him, for any Accomplishment whatsoever. One would think 'twere robbing him of something, to do Justice to another's Merit. He departs pensive and disquieted from all Companies, where an honourable Mention has been made of some extraordinary Man. He wears a Sword, and has no Thoughts of aspiring to the Glory of a fine Preacher; yet it's Death to him to hear *Lucas's* grand Faculty extoll'd, who has so long charm'd the Court and City: And he sometimes bluntly takes to task such as undesignedly commend him, who being unacquainted with *Dorasto's* Weakness, are astonish'd at his Rudeness.

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Modesty prevents our falling into a common Fault with Men of Merit, which is valuing only what's our own: This Prejudice is commonly a mighty Source of Impertinencies, they let you see by their Eyes, Words, and Actions, how much they are charm'd with their presum'd Deserts, and how despicably they look on those of other Men. This Contempt is extremely torturing, and puts the undervalu'd Persons on all the Methods of Raillery and Satire, to lessen these Gentlemen's fond Opinion of themselves. Self-love is a kind of Blindfold, which *Modesty* removes, and clears our Eye-sight from; for the *Modest* love not to have their Imperfections complimented, nor can bear being loaded with extravagant Elogies for Trifles.

Hardly any body admires common Virtues, tho' never so admirable; but Men love to be struck with something dazzling and extraordinary, tho' the Commerce of Life does not always administer Occasions for the Practice of these extraordinary Virtues, especially to those that maintain an even Course, and are not in great Posts, which demand as great Qualifications.

Some People deviate from their Character out of a secret Pride, and spoil themselves by a Desire of pleasing. If such as affect these Airs of Singularity could perceive how offensive and disgustful all Affectation is to judicious Persons, they would be careful to avoid it. The Rule to please, is, to conform to the Ways and Manners of others, and not to court Admiration

fation by Things out of the way, which are always disagreeable, when they are borrow'd and affected.

If *Celimene* could be contented with the Charms that Nature has given her, she would be the prettiest Woman in *England*; but she contradicts the Maxim, that *Art embellishes Nature*: She is mysterious all over, and does nothing in a natural way. You would think she danc'd, when she should go; or that she mov'd by Springs and Clock-work. Others speak, and act, and cough, and spit in a natural way, but she, for her Part, has particular Ceremonies for all these; and it makes me ready to burst, to observe her conceited Postures.

Now what can People mean, to thwart the common Ways by these singular Affectations? Why so unwilling to talk, or walk, or dress like other People? Why that affected Gaudiness of Cloaths, still straining to out-vie the Extravagance of the Fashion? They never consult what is fit or decent, but what strikes the Eye, and commands Spectators, what Novelty of Garb and Accoutrements *elevates and surprizes*, in Mr. *Bays's* Phrase.

If People knew themselves better; they would stick to Nature, and their genuine Talents; but a Man disdaining what he knows, must needs talk of what he knows not, and make a Parade of a ridiculous Ignorance.

Observe the just Punishment of Pride; the very Means we employ to purchase Applauses, only bring us into Contempt, and occasion us

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the Reputation of Fools. *Damys*, with a great Stock of *Politeness*, and Knowledge of the World, knows a thousand pleasant and curious Things; which he sets off in a very charming Dress: But the Fault is, he will be talking (right or wrong) of the sublimest Points of Divinity, whilst he knows not the very Principles of Religion. When he has charm'd the Company with agreeable Stories, related with a great Vivacity and Humour; provided he goes out of his own Sphere, he falls into such Impertinencies, as move Compassion.

A *modest* Man sets not up for shining in Conversation, by surprizing Narratives. He relates what he knows with a natural Simplicity, and courts not vain Applauses in his Hearers Eyes. A Braggadocio, bloated with his own Merit, has more blustering Ways, and courts Applause from the Trifles he vents with such an Air of Sufficiency, as shews how possess'd he is, that what he says is wonderful: But, to his Misfortune, the Company is of another Opinion.

'Tis no Sign of *Modesty*, to be complaining at every turn, that we are miserable: On the contrary, these Complainers are full of the Notions of their own Merit, as what exposes them to Envy. They seek the Solace of their Misfortunes in their Vanity; whereas, if they retir'd into themselves, and were impartial, they would find the Foundation of their Disgraces in their own ill Conduct.

Dorisa

Derisa repeats, in all Companies, that she is the most unfortunate Woman in *England*; that she is envied, and torn, and cross'd by all the World; that the Women cannot bear her, but handle her unmercifully. By this, *Derisa*, you would insinuate, that you have a superior Merit, which provokes their Envy to make such Havock of your Reputation. Know yourself better, Madam; that ridiculous Pride, those Elevations you give yourself, your Conceit of an high Birth, and the Contempt you express for all your insulted Sex, as having Weaknesses not incident to your Ladyship, as you say; these are the Sources of the Persecution you complain of.

'Tis hard to determine what Notions People have of Gallantry in this Age; do they consider it as a Crime and Infamy? Heretofore the Women us'd all Precautions to conceal their Commerce from publick Notice, at present they make no Mystery of it.

Silverina, instead of blushing at the Devotions the Men pay to her, talks of them with an astonishing Freedom, without minding the Talk of the World, or having any Regard for her Husband. She is hourly surrounded with a greater Crowd of Lovers than *Penelope* was; and all the Reason she alledges for it, is, that she is tir'd with the Women's Company: A very pretty Apology!

There's no Hope of curing People of that inveterate Habit they have contracted of talking always of themselves, their Adventures, and Riches; and yet these Accounts are so ungrate-

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ungrateful to disinterested Persons, that we ought to impose on ourselves a Law, never to speak of ourselves, either good or bad. To praise ourselves is ridiculous Folly and Vanity, and the same thing would it be to talk to our own Disparagement.

Dorina often says she's not handsome, and that she's absolutely disfigur'd with the *Small-Pox*; mean time she's fully satisfied of the Power of her Charms, and 'tis to make them more taken Notice of, that she pretends to be not content. She was once well enough caught by *Dennis*, a Man of no Ceremony, who innocently confess'd he thought her grown very ugly. The Blush he brought into her Face betray'd her, and manifested her Indignation; and the smart Repartee she fir'd upon the poor Poet, was a certain Conviction to the Company, that she meant to be flatter'd upon her Beauty.

What's the Reason People of but indifferent Merit are commonly the most tenacious of their Praises? Is it that they don't know what deserves Commendation? Or must we charge it to the Account of their perverse Natures, who can't find in their Hearts to do Justice to an extraordinary Man, who distinguishes himself from the Crowd?

Colinet writes bad Verses; the Comedies he publishes, won't bear acting above two or three Nights; and yet, if you'll believe him, the Faults swarm in *Barcino's* Plays, which are Master-pieces. He finds some Objections against the Justness of the Characters, and others
against

against the Contrivance and the Plot. He says, the Passions are not nicely touch'd, that the Characters are tortur'd; and he would sooner part with his Teeth, than grant that these Comedies are good. *Colinet's* Intellect is too weak to perceive the Beauties of an excellent Piece; he wants Taste and Judgment, and, out of an ill-natur'd Jealousy, refuses publickly, to the Masters eminent in the same Art, those Praises he is forc'd to give them in private with himself.

'Tis from the same Principle a Man loves to praise himself, and is averse to another's Commendation. Tell me, *Sylvester*, why won't you approve in *Cleanthes*, what deserves your Approbation? Every body extols to the Skies the noble Action he lately perform'd; you only are disturb'd and alarm'd, and not Master of your Indignation and Animosity. Does your Reputation suffer, by the great Fame he has obtain'd? Do you think any Prejudice is done you by giving him the Praises he has so well deserv'd?

Men have been for a long Time told, they ought not to commend, or talk of themselves; which Point, if they could once gain, they would be more to be commended: But in vain you attempt to convince them, that this one Foible is sufficient to lessen our Idea of their Merit, and has a quite contrary Effect to their Design of procuring Esteem. The Habit is grown inveterate, and too obstinate to be rectified. An Author will talk eternally of his Works, and (without Scruple) sacrifice to himself.

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self. A Man of the Sword will be vaunting his Exploits, and a Woman must have a great Fund of Discretion, not to celebrate her own suppos'd Accomplishments: The Reason why the World abounds with such as talk of themselves, and always determine in Favour of their own Merit, is, that they are convinc'd of it, and would have others so too. But 'tis a wretched Mistake to set up for one's own Panegyrist.

Talk not of yourself, your Birth, Estate, or Parts; if you have any extraordinary Qualities, leave it to others to discover and commend them: All the Good or Ill you can say of yourself will not remove People's Prejudices concerning you, but will rather effectually convince them you are fond of Praise.

If Men could get rid of their Passion to be prais'd for all they do, they would be less expos'd to the Deception and Railleries of those everlasting Encomiasts who spy out their blind Sides, and treat them as their Cullies. 'Tis not for want of being often caution'd, that these concerted Praises are pure Irony, and a by kind of Satire on their Faults, that they don't perceive, or in the least suspect it. But as they are the first to blind themselves, 'tis no hard Task for others to mislead them, by these illegitimate stupifying Praises, which they think they but too much deserve.

Be ever upon your Guard against the Applauses given you to your Face, for Men have generally some Design, or secret Interest, in such

such Praises: Either they mean to laugh at you, and divert themselves at your Expence; or else to engage you in their Interests, and anticipate your Recompence with this previous Incense.

We are not fillily to give Credit to those that flatter us, nor yet rudely to reject the Compliments they make, when we think we deserve them. This false *Modesty* is little less disgustful than a foolish Vanity; it requires great Art and Delicacy to season Praises well, but there's also a way of receiving them, when they are just, that does not offend *Modesty*.

Praise is a sort of Tribute paid to real Worth, and 'tis neither affectedly to be rejected, nor too eagerly courted, if we would not be the Property of those that give it, who prepare their way by this Allurement, to obtain whatever they desire, when once you are intoxicated with their Incense.

If we don't flatter ourselves, the Praises given us will neither inspire Pride nor Presumption; we should not suffer ourselves to be enchanted by the Voice of these bewitching *Sirens*, that so agreeably decoy us. These Praises, so artfully manag'd, are a kind of Coin the Cunning use to compass all their Intentions.

Unless a Man be stupid, or over-run with a ridiculous Vanity, he can't avoid perceiving another's Intentions, who flatters him grossly and openly; but there's need of great Attention, to ward off the Blows of a politick Insinuation, and more cleanly Flattery. How many

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many Women, who thought themselves very stately, and paramount to the common Infirmities, have been seduc'd by these counterfeit Praises, and paid great Favours for a few obliging Words?

Methinks Praises are not of so uncommon or valuable a kind, as to be sought after with so much Passion, since we find them prostituted, without either Choice or Distinction. They that are so fond of them, should therefore study to do Actions meriting substantial Praise.

But I caution them farther, to cure themselves (if possible) of that Itch, of quoting their own Names at every Turn; they have still a wonderful Faculty at reducing the Discourse to their own Persons and Actions, be it never so remote, which is a ridiculous Weakness they are not themselves aware of. They think, by praising themselves, to procure the World's Esteem, while they do but make themselves despicable and impertinent. We feel a double Pain in hearing People talk to their own Advantage, in that the Praise they give themselves, seems to humble those that hear it; and, again, that they endure the Constraint of not daring (in Decency) to contradict them. To what Persecutions do they expose themselves, who pretend to Complaisance?

What Torture 'tis to hear *Favorinus* impudently boast his Descent from a Family distinguish'd by the Sword, and cite the Names of his Ancestors, signaliz'd in the first Employes of
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the Kingdom; whereas his Extraction was extremely mean, and all his Forefathers (in a Succession) have measur'd Cloath and Ribbon.

We can't deny but *Faustina* has Merit, yet she spoils it by her Greediness of Praise: She very affectedly asks you what you think of her Shape and Wit; whereupon she enters on a disagreeable Detail, and tells you, without more ado, she has a Taste and Delicacy, Eyes large and killing, a Shape fine and easy. If she has any Faults which she is oblig'd to own, she lessens them, and makes them up by some fine Part or other.

How are we to answer People of this Character? We laugh at them in our Sleeves; we make as if we applauded them, reserving to ourselves the Privilege of exposing them aloud in private. The Vanity they discover, who praise themselves without Shame or Reserve, disgusts all Mankind: Glory's a Portion every one lays Claim to. We have all naturally an Ambition that can't suffer any thing above us; whereas we have as naturally an Indulgence for all that truckle and stoop to us.

The Task is difficult, to retain *modest Sentiments* in an exalted Station: Great Posts, the Lustre of Riches and Favour, Things of this sort naturally inspire Pride and Presumption, and make People believe they are not oblig'd to abundance of little Respects, and so they easily dispense with them. Those that solicit them, and have Occasion for their Credit, pass by these Incongruities without complaining.

The

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The Custom they contract, of treating every body without Respect, and living in Independence, by Degrees effaces all the *Sentiments of Modesty* they possess'd in a less prosperous Fortune.

Unless we be very watchful over ourselves, proportionably as we increase in Wealth and Favour, or arrive at great Preferments, we dwindle in Esteem, thro' the haughty Demeanor we assume, and the Notions of Pride those Posts possess us with.

That which gives me so much Admiration for *Livia*, is, that her great Exaltation has not chang'd her Sentiments; being still Mistress of herself, and of her Thoughts and Passion, she continues much above her Fortune. We find not in her Looks that unwelcome Pride, which in others daunts the Approaches of their Votaries; her easy and encouraging Access emboldens the most timorous with a Degree of Assurance: She is the freest Woman of her Interest, which she never employs, but to oblige such as make their Application to her, or are in a helpless Condition.

It ought to be proclaim'd, in Houses and publick Places, in Cities and Countries, in Churches and on the House-tops, to inculcate into Youth, *That the Loss of Reputation and Innocence is of the Nature of those Things that can never be retriev'd.* Let them be circumspect, to avoid the Snares laid for their Virtue, and the Flatteries that only do betray them. The Precipices that are dug under
their

their Feet, are cover'd with Roses, but their Fall is accompanied with Disgrace and Despair.

Modesty becomes all sorts of Characters, but 'tis so essential to some Professions, that 'tis degrading one's self, and absolutely shrinking from one's Dignity, to relax in this Particular. What Contempt have we not for a certain sort of Men, upon hearing them discourse of their Love-Intrigues, and giving the History of their Adventures, with an Air of Assurance incident only to Sots, who observe no *Decorum*, and disgrace themselves with Discourse so inconsistent with their Conditions.

A Man of Honour should never give himself the Liberty of too free Discourse, favouring of Lewdness or Libertinism, nor utter ambiguous Words, offensive to good Breeding, tho' the Looseness of the Age has but too much encourag'd that Practice. 'Tis failing in the Respects we owe to Women, to use such Talk before them; but it would become the Ladies themselves, to be more reserv'd upon this Subject, and not suffer any thing too free or inconsiderate to escape them, from whence we might draw ill Consequences as to their Conduct. I suppose *Enone* does not understand Delicacy, and 'tis rather the Fault of her ill Breeding, than a sign of Lewdness in her, that she indulges too gross Discourse of a double Meaning. She talks too freely before every body of certain Particulars relating only to herself and her Husband, which there's no Occasion the
Publick

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Publick should be inform'd of. She was once sufficiently mortified with an Answer *Evander* gave her: She desir'd him to conduct her to the *Italian Comedy*; he mildly told her that Comedy was too loose for Men, and that at present none but Ladies durst shew their Faces there, and laugh heartily at the Obscenities that appear'd there, without the Covering of clean Linen. *Enone* was in no Expectation of such an Answer, and tho' she be not naturally shamefac'd, she was totally disconcerted, and all the Company stood amaz'd at her Confusion.

That which should be chiefly recommended to a young Lady, just entring upon the World, is, the Choice of the Company she ought to keep: A Maid that has spent all her Youth in Retirement, as in a Nunnery, is all at once expos'd to the wide World, as to the Sea full of Shelves and Rocks: She has neither Practice nor Experience, and the first Impressions that are given her, determine her either to Good or Evil: If she falls into ill Hands, the Examples of Vice before her Eyes, scandalous Discourses, libertine Companies, all these insensibly ruin her Virtue, and by Degrees embolden her in Vice.

Let a Woman be never so handsome, if she be not *modest*, her Beauty will have little Effect. *Modesty* sets off Merit with a new Lustre, and 'tis probably the Defect of this Virtue, that of late has brought Women into some Discredit, and degraded them from that Authority,

thority, which a little Reserve might have continu'd over the Minds of Men. They still, out of Decency, preserve some Measures till they are provided for: But it seems Marriage dispels the Relicks of Shame.

A young Maid, weary of domestick Discipline, seeks to shake off the uneasy Yoke, and persuades herself that Matrimony is a commodious Transition to a more libertine Life: She only waits for this Opportunity to declare herself, thinking then to be emancipated from the Servitude of a Maiden Character; and upon this Bottom, she no longer is at the Pains to constrain herself with Demureness and Punctilio's. 'Tis certain, Women after Marriage are as much oblig'd to *Modesty* as before, and yet, upon the Change of their Condition, they take great Liberties. What Disorders has Matrimony introduc'd into *Felicia's* Conduct? We find an universal Revolution in her Temper, she scarce durst lift up her Eyes, whilst under her Mother's Wing, and all her Answers to what was said to her, were in Monosyllables.

Her *modest* Air, accompanied with a genteel Reserve, procur'd her Respect even as young as she was; all of a sudden she's grown bold and insolent, and carries the Humour even to Impudence. Her Discourses, and Songs, and Table, cause the least scrupulous Men to blush. She takes a greater Quantity of Snuff, and drinks more Wine than the stanchest Dragoon, regardless of her Rank and Birth,
which

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which she lessens by the Liberty she takes. She stoops to Conversations unbecoming her, and is no ways concern'd that the whole Town is acquainted with the History of her Gallantries.

'Tis inconceivable that Women can resolve to prostitute their Reputation as they do, by their scandalous Conduct; what Tranquility attends the Life of a good Woman? What Lustre and Eminence does Virtue give her? But then it is not enough that this Virtue is merely superficial; it must be well principl'd and rooted in the Soul: A Woman not well resolv'd of her own Sentiments, makes no long Resistance against the Applications of a Man who knows the Situation of her Heart. Some Motives of Fame and Pride support a little of Woman's Weakness, who wavers about the Resolution she should take, like an undermin'd Iron betwixt the Loadstones of Virtue and Inclination. We live not in an Age wherein Women, suspected of Debaucheries, were condemn'd to walk upon red-hot Coals; those that escap'd the Test uninjur'd by the Fire, were justified; but those that the Fire had no Respect for, were look'd on as guilty. 'Tis a great Happiness for many in our Days, that this *Ordeal* Trial is entirely laid aside.

That great Affectation of Virtue a certain sort of Women make a Show of, to dazzle the World, and conceal their Motions, instead of gaining them Esteem, renders them but more suspected;

suspected; and we despise them yet the more, when we come to unravel the secret Myſtery of their pretended *Modesty*. If *Floricia* had taken care to burn her little Cabinet before she died, she had preserv'd her Reputation, and ever been remember'd as a *modest* and regular Woman: She had manag'd her little Correspondencies with that Secresy, the Publick should not in the least have suspected them, nor durst have imagin'd the least Weakness in her, in so great an Esteem was she for a virtuous Reputation. What Surprize was occasion'd by the opening this fatal Box, which produc'd convincing Evidence of her Intrigues and Inclinations!

'Tis no Ingredient of *Modesty*, to scratch the Faces of People that tell you soft Things, that prostrate themselves before you, or let you see their Passions; the *Modesty* I contend for has nothing wild and extravagant in it. Old-fashioned Gentlewomen, pretending to good Morals, think they can't be untractable enough; that a Woman, to be stately, must be smart and severe on such as take any Freedom in her Presence.

Modesty is of mighty use to secure all the other Virtues; when once we leap the Bounds of that, we fall into Insolence, and often abandon ourselves to great Disorders, because we have lost the Bridle that restrain'd us. The Case is much like that of a Town besieg'd; the Outworks are first to be taken, before we can assault the Fortress. Thus a Woman

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Woman, when attack'd, if she has virtuous Inclinations, will make a long Defence: She does not surrender upon the first Approach. But if she grows tame and tractable, and quits the Counterfcarp of a becoming Pride, she'll quickly find herself straiten'd in her Post, and reduc'd to farther Inconveniencies than she at first imagin'd.

If we can't entirely get rid of our Passions, we ought, at least, to be very careful to conceal them. The Eyes of the World are inquisitive and intent upon us, and when once it can discover a weak Part to break in upon us, it gives no Quarter.

We must not wait for the Dregs of Age to be virtuous, if we expect the Acknowledgments of the Publick; your Wantons grow virtuous when they can't be otherwise, too speedy old Age brings Wrinkles and Remorses all at once: Paint, instead of making them more beautiful, renders them but the loathsomer. Their Cullies are undeceiv'd, and no longer caught by their borrow'd Charms.

A Woman that has been handsome, and whose Beauty begins to tarnish and decay thro' Age, flatters herself she is still passable; tho' her too faithful Glasses represent the Ridges and Furrows in her Cheeks, she satisfies herself with her fair Complexion, which she studiously cultivates with all the Art she can; but all her Precautions will be of little use to her.

I can't

I can't comprehend the Politicks of some Women, who finding themselves destitute of Charms, think to make up in Ornament what Nature has denied in Beauty. An ugly Woman in fine Trappings and Accoutrements, is doubly so. When the Deformity is by itself, it is less observ'd; but being set off with gaudy Drapery and Gold Garniture, it receives an additional Disagreement from the Lustre of this Equipage. The Fire and the *Brilliant* of a Diamond makes the black hue of the Complexion more conspicuous, which was, as it were, hid and benighted in its own Darkness.

We don't pretend absolutely to condemn in Women the Care of their Adjustments: 'Tis what is pardonable, provided it be moderate; as being a kind of Amusement comports with their Character, and giving them some Motion in that great Inactivity of their Lives: But the Expences they are at for it, ought to bear proportion with their Quality and Fortune. 'Tis ridiculous for Tradesmens Wives to be trick'd up like Dutcheffes. In well-regulated Governments, every one is known by his Habit; no body dares wear a certain Colour, nor exceed the Price allotted to his Condition. The License of Cloaths in *England* is prodigious. Every Body follows his own Caprice, and governs himself only by his Ability. Some even go beyond the Limits of their Power, and injure their Fortunes by their immoderate Pomp. Women of a mean Degree

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ought to be employ'd in other Thoughts, who are nevertheless more solicitous about their Dress, than the nicest Players; and assume a Deportment that wounds the Rules of *Modesty* and *Decorum*.

I think that Solitude of some People, to appear younger than they are, is very ridiculous: 'Tis a childish Vanity to disguise our Age: 'Tis more easily pardonable in Women than in Men: Their Youth makes a Part of their Merit; but do a few Years, more or less, destroy the Merit of a Man of Worth? *Felina*, who is Forty Years old at least, repeats it Fifty times a Day, that she is but Eight and Twenty: We sneer at her for her Pains, since the Wrinkles of her Forehead are unexceptionable Testimonies to the contrary. Princesses in this are more unfortunate than other Women: They can't conceal their Age, because their Birth-Days are specified in all the *Almanacks*.

The Glory of a Woman consists not in the Noise her Beauty makes, but rather in the Regularity of her Conduct; for what Contempt have we for certain Ladies who are full of Charms? Yet whose licentious Carriage depreciates the Merit of their Beauty, and who, in spite of it, are consider'd but as so many Cracks; whereas a little *Modesty* would make them reverenc'd and esteem'd.

Those Women that appear so starch'd and prim, are always suspected by me: The truly Virtuous understand not so much Nicety. They talk and act sincerely, with a becoming Freedom; while the others have more Mystery and Design.

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Design. 'Tis most certain, that *modest* Ways embellish all Things; and we can't withstand the loving and esteeming *modest* People. This Sentiment has something of Self-love compriz'd in it; for as those that would rise above us and their own Condition, provoke our Animosity and Indignation; so those whose *Modesty* retains them in due Bounds, and gives us the Precedence, easily possess our Inclinations and Esteem. We must not abuse and crush those Persons who thus stoop to us out of pure Civility; it being but Justice to return Complaisance for Complaisance.



*Of Discretion and Reserve.*

'TIS impossible to be *Polite* unless you are *Discreet*. *Discretion* puts a Man in Possession of himself, and makes him Master of his Words and Actions, the Casts of his Eyes and Motions of his Face; so that nothing escapes him repugnant to *Decorum*, or offensive to the Company he keeps. The *Discreet* Man perfectly distinguishes the Rank, Character, and Genius of People, the Situation of their Souls, their Interests; what is proper to impart to them, or conceal from them, without giving them Pretensions of Complaint: Especially he avoids prying into their Secrets, or meddling with their Affairs, any farther than they are pleased with him. This Precaution is of mighty Advantage to the preserving his own Quiet, and avoiding the Reproaches the indiscreet commonly incur by being over-busy in Matters where they are not desir'd: Without *Discretion*, Civil Society is nothing but Fatigue and Hurly-burly; for we ought ever to keep a Guard over ourselves, that nothing drop before indifferent People, which they make an ill use of; either by revealing a Matter of Trust, or circumstantiating it by
our

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our Invention, with Particulars never thought of. We may reckon it a discover'd Treasure in Life, to find a *Discreet* Man, to whom we may safely open our Souls in Things of greatest Secrecy and Importance. Happy we pronounce him who has found this *Phœnix*! He ought to be thankful to Heaven for such a Dispensation of its Bounty, yet which so seldom happens.

The way to live happily with all sorts of People, is to be attentive to whatever we say or do; to carry ourselves easily betwixt contrary Interests, without engaging in their Disputes any farther than Decency requires. We are careful to prevent any Words escaping, that may be ill interpreted by a sort of People used to impositon every thing they hear: Much less are we to take the Liberty of talking of the false Steps and ill Managements of others, or of satirizing their Impertinencies. It often happens, that a Jest makes a Man your irreconcilable Enemy, who might otherwise have done you essential Services, had you but known how to cultivate his Friendship.

When People fail to pay us those Respects and Civilities we have a right to, we ought not bluntly to tax them with such an unseemly Demeanour; for these Omissions proceeding not from Malice, or a premeditated Design, should be excus'd on Consideration of their good Intentions. The Noise and Blustering we make under these Circumstances, brings the Fault to our own Door,

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and apologizes for those we had reason to complain of.

The desire of mischieving People we hate, makes us studious to discover whatever may give them Trouble: But 'tis much worse when we peremptorily upbraid them to their Faces with mortifying Reflexions. Such kind of Indiscretions have commonly unlucky Results; they provoke fierce Replies, which cut us to the Quick. The Person affronted hearkens only to his Resentment, and breaks thro' all Measures to his Revenge.

Discretion, which keeps us upon our Guard and Good Behaviour, contributes towards forming our Minds; it retains us under a certain Diffidence of ourselves, which makes us vigilant, and cautious to do nothing obnoxious to just Censure: Whereas those Blunderbusses who are extremely confident of themselves, live without Precaution, as not the least suspecting they have any handle for Reproach. They consider themselves as accomplish'd Creatures; and think 'tis pity but the publick saw them with the same Eyes.

The Generality of Men live not by Reason, but by Prejudices and the Movements of their Passions, which is the Cause they are such Delinquents against Equity and Justice. Every thing appearing through a Passion, seems Lawful, or of little Consequence: And this is the Source of those Reproaches and Quarrels that arise so often in the Commerce of the World, and banish all Satisfaction out of it. This makes Reconciliations so difficult;
because

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because every one fancies he has a right to quarrel, and throws all the blame upon his Neighbour.

The *Discretion* I speak of, assists us to do Justice, both to ourselves and others. We expect Submission and Complaisance, whilst we treat People with Pride, Severity, and Rudeness: We have a violent Fondness for our selves, and require Deference from all the World. Should we not therefore respect others, and treat them as we would be treated ourselves. This is the fundamental Law of Commerce, the Breach whereof occasions so many Injuries we see in the World, and so many Complaints. We daily hear of the ill-dealing of some People, who seem born only for themselves, and reckon all the rest of Mankind as Cyphers.

When People, from a friendly Acquaintance come to a Rupture, 'tis the Custom to fall Tooth and Nail upon one another. Each attempts to justify his Proceedings and silly Pretences, and expose the other to all the Blame; and to succeed the better in this Design, strives to lay what Load of *Odium* he can upon his new-made Enemy: Nay, what is yet more criminal, he abuses the Confidence reposed in him in the Days of Amity, and reveals the Secrets which ought to be buried in eternal Silence, in Consideration of former Friendship. Here you ought not so much to regard this Person's present Disposition towards you, as the reciprocal Endearments of Esteem and Friendship which cemented your

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Acquaintance. 'Tis a kind of Treachery to take Advantage of a Secret, when you cease to be the Author's Friend.

If you have not Genius and Smartness enough to repartee, upon the spot, to an artful and keen Raillery that runs upon indifferent Subjects, have at least the *Discretion* to keep in your Resentment. Seem to be diverted, and to laugh at it one of the first: Those that are disturb'd with innocent Wit, pass for odd-humour'd and ill-natur'd People. Commonly ingenious Raillery makes deeper Impression, and goes farther to the Cure of an Infirmary, than serious and argumentative Discourse. *Emilia* has been so often laugh'd at for her Conceitedness, that she is at last recover'd from it. She no longer quotes, on all Occasions, the Dutcheffes and Marchionesses her Cousins. She has been given to understand, that that foolish Vanity render'd her despicable. She is now one of the first to ridicule herself, well satisfied that this Itch of Talking of her noble Birth was ridiculous, and infinitely ungrateful to those that were obliged to endure such kind of Discourse.

There are no Circumstances of Life wherein we have greater need of *Discretion*, and ought to be more on our Guard, to say or do nothing against *Politeness*, than when we are unjustly reproach'd, and impertinently censur'd. 'Tis hard to govern ourselves in so delicate a Conjunction. Our Blood rises at the Folly or Ill-nature of those that deny Justice to our Merit and Virtue; and a Man must have a great Command of himself, not to say something

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thing harsh, to let them see we are affronted: But 'tis a kind of Triumph, to bridle our Passion, and spare People that are disrespectful and undeserving.

What Moderation was observ'd in *Flavia*, whilst the Countess of *Maigret* lash'd her Conduct with such, unsufferable Reproaches? The Company was very numerous; and that one Circumstance would naturally have increased her Spleen: For all that, (still Mistress of her Passion,) she let not one angry Word escape her, tho' the other talk'd most bitter and vexatious Things? Contenting herself with a modest Justification, to clear off such unjust Suspicions, she thank'd her Ladyship for her Pains. This Conduct nettled her more sensibly, than if she had replied to her in her own Strain. All the Company was convinc'd of *Flavia*'s Innocence, and offended at the Insolence and Indiscretion of the Countess.

Women can't be over-solicitous to prevent Scandal. 'Tis no very good Sign, to set up for Bravery in this particular, and to despise vulgar Report. Must the Caprice of the World (say they sometimes) be our Rule to live by? What Occasion for all this Noise; since there's nothing in our Commerce, that can wound the tenderest Eye? They imagine, perhaps, that such like Sentences are a full Justification: But the World is not tractable and credulous enough, to take up with these false Reasonings.

He that could teach himself so much *Reserve*, as not to meddle in others Affairs, nor talk of their Faults, would save himself a great

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many Mortifications, and unhappy Troubles. Don't curiously examine what your Neighbours do. Don't be witty upon them for their false Steps; nor so much as seem to perceive them, since you are not accountable to the Publick for what they do. Why must you take upon you the Charge of reforming the City?

The first Thought that occurs upon sight of a deserving Book, is to find fault with it, and seek Arguments to lessen its Reputation. This first Motion is not always free, but escapes us whether we will or not; because Self-love makes us spitefully behold whatever gives others a Pre-eminence, and sets them above us. But at least we should have the *Discretion* to conceal our Sentiments, and not be too severe on a Piece that presents us with great Beauties.

'Tis a common Infirmary with most People, to determine upon every Thing, in order to convince the World of their Wit and Judgment. But the Rashness of their Decisions has a quite contrary Effect to what they design. They would not be thought ignorant of any Thing; and yet discover gross Ignorance upon the Subject in Debate. Besides, Inclination (or Interest) throws them upon a wrong Bias in their Determinations. They judge of an Affair, according as they are well or ill inclin'd to the interested Person. Mean time, it should be every body's Endeavour to do all People Justice.

'Tis

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'Tis impossible to have *Discretion*, while we are influenc'd by any powerful *Passion*, and yet that's the Time we have most Occasion for it. How many Follies is a Husband put upon, by an indiscreet Jealousy? How many false Steps, that serve only to exasperate his Mind, and augment his Misfortune? A Man of this Complexion is equally afraid of his Friends and Enemies, his Relations and Servants, becoming suspicious of every thing that comes near his Wife. What Torture does he give himself to discover a Secret he dreads the knowing of, and which gives him incurable Wounds, when he has throughly explor'd a Mystery he ought not to have div'd into, for the sake of his own Quiet?

We ought not to enquire into others Secrets farther than they are willing we should, nor take it ill if they refuse to open their Hearts to us; 'tis much worse when we use Cunning and Artifice to steal those Secrets our Friends are not willing to part with: This indiscreet Curiosity sets them often against us, and makes them look upon us as unfociable Creatures.

'Tis flattering and deceiving ourselves, to cast the ill Success of an Affair upon our Stars, or ill Fortune, when Indiscretion is at the Bottom of it; and we are only to blame our irregular Conduct, Imprudence, or mistaken State-lines. We have fail'd in our Complaisance to those whom the Business depended on, and have not cultivated them at the Time we had most need of their Assistance.

Carlos

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Carlos is ever complaining that the World is unkind to him, and that as soon as he undertakes any Affair, he finds a Legion of ill-designing People in the way, to cross it: 'Tis his own Fault; he purposely makes Enemies, who take Vengeance of his cutting Scorn and bitter Taunts, which he scatters in all Companies. Neither Men nor Women, the Court nor City, the Sword nor Gown, are spar'd by him. 'Tis a miserable Talent, to ruin one's Fortune for the sake of pleasing the Company by a Jest.

You are surpriz'd at the ill Success of an Affair, in which you giddily embark'd: Who do you blame for it? If you had taken your Measures better, you could not have fail'd in your Expectations.

When a Man has done all that Reason, Prudence, and the best Intelligence could suggest, he ought to comfort himself, when the Success proves amiss; but when the Business receives an unlucky Turn through our own Imprudence, we have no body to blame but ourselves; and the Misfortune is not to be imputed to the Malice of our Neighbours, who commonly have no Hand in the Matter.

'Tis to little Purpose to make great Apologies after the Miscarriage of an Enterprize; ill Successes can only be accounted for to a few intelligent and equitable People: The Herd judges merely by Appearances, and the same Actions are generally blam'd because they were unfortunate, which would have been cried up,
if

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if the Event had answer'd the Measures that were taken.

Faustus has lost his Reputation, in an Affair that ought to have been attended with Glory; he did all that a prudent and brave Man was oblig'd to, either in respect to himself, or the Publick. Jealous and ill-meaning People being entrusted with the Execution of the Project, have play'd Counter-Engines to break his Measures, but he being the only Person that had undertaken the Business, and warranted the Event, he alone sustains all the Envy and Shame that are the usual Results of a great Enterprize when unsuccessful.

The best Things, when they are unduly managed, are offensive, and dislik'd. Don't be over-prodigious of your fine Accomplishments, if you would have them always acceptable; great Treats, too often repeated, fatigue and blunt the Appetite, and so your chiefest Excellencies grow insipid, if you constantly produce them: Whereas if you frugally manage your Talents, they'll always have the Recommendation of Novelty, which infinitely sets off the least of Things.

No body can deny *Lyfimon* to be a Man of Merit, but it makes the less Impression, because at the first Visit he exposes all he knows, and wearies the Company with his unreasonable Eagerness to shew his Parts. He falls into irksome Repetitions, which are equally nauseous with the same Dishes serv'd up at different Meals by the Help of some Disguise. This is an important Lesson for those that seek to shine

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shine in Conversation ; who nevertheless fatigue delicate Persons with a Tautology of Stories, in all the Houses they come into.

That violent Itch of some People to be talking at all, and upon all Subjects, is an infallible Sign how sufficient they think themselves ; but it is commonly as certain Conviction to others of their Poverty of Wit, by reason of the Impertinencies that imperceptibly escape them, yet give them not the least Disturbance.

Silence is the safer Option, for such as mean to preserve the Esteem and Reputation they have acquir'd ; we are often oblig'd to People for saying not a Word ; that *Reserve* is at least a Foundation of a Doubt, whether they have Sense, or not : But we are past doubting, when we have heard their Impertinencies.

Know yourself better, *Celimon* ; you love to talk of what you don't understand, for fear of seeming ignorant of any thing : But you utter Impertinencies, that move Compassion in Men of Sense. Had you not open'd your Mouth, they would still have doubted of your Ignorance ; but you must needs convince the World of it, and you have done it effectually.

A Man should even have the *Discretion* to speak little of Things he understands best ; those that are ignorant of them, feel a secret Indignation to see themselves eclips'd, and uneasily bear that kind of Superiority which shews them their own Foible. If you desire to be lov'd and courted, conceal those ungrateful Accom-

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Accomplishments that make you consider'd as a troublesome Pedagogue.

I can't sufficiently admire the Countess of *Savary's Reserve*; she knows all that's knowable by Woman; nothing escapes her, even to History, Philosophy, Mathematicks; but these are Parts of Knowledge she reserves to herself, without importuning the Publick. Scarce will her Indifference permit her to put in a Word, when in Company with Persons who love to talk of more serious Things than Gowns and Petticoats.

The greatest Talkers are not always best esteem'd; that wondrous Babble only dazzles Fools, that admire these everlasting Tongues, but rational People are not to be stunn'd with Noise: They expect you should utter reasonable Things, and talk sensibly, and to the Purpose, which is a harder Task than is imagin'd.

Some People discover more Wit by their Silence, than others do by their long Harangues, giving such an Attention as lets us see they nicely take whatever is said to them. Be sure not to imitate the Lady *Maillet*, who makes an horrible Noise before she has well enter'd the Room, and sat down. Without regard to the Person that's speaking, she interrupts his Discourse, to sputter out her frivolous News, which none of the Company cares to hear. She contests every thing that others advance; and alledges a hundred Reasons to prove they understand not what they say. They are perfectly astonish'd to see with what Warmth she
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contends for the most trivial and indifferent Matters.

We know not what Name to give the Indiscretion of those who delight to disparage themselves, and stupidly publish Things that taint their Reputation. How many Women do we see as foolish as she that said, *How delicious a thing is it to triumph over the Vigilance of a jealous Husband! What Rage would the Knowledge of our Happiness give him? Methinks there's something wanting, whilst we excuse him the Pain of knowing how he is impos'd on. Let us tell it, to be reveng'd of him.* 'Twas indeed a most curious History for her Husband to be inform'd of all the Particulars of the Assignations she had made her Gallants!

'Tis a Sign of great Vanity, rather than good Sense, to be fond of talking much; the more Ingenious hear, and give Fools Leave to prattle: People of little Brains have naturally a great deal of Tongue, and they think to make up that Deficiency, by persuading others they have Sense: But they deceive none but their Fellow-fools, and 'tis mistaking their Interests to publish themselves in this Manner.

Discretion is an admirable Veil to hide manifest Imperfections, and a politick Silence skreens those unperceiv'd Weaknesses which are betray'd by the silly Discourses that escape us. We ought to be very cautious of talking before judicious People, lest we tread awry. A grave and mysterious Mien may, at least,
make

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make it probable that we are skill'd in the Business treated on, and give us an Appearance of Ability.

By speaking little we may gain some Esteem with an indifferent Merit. It was the Saying of a wise Man, *That we should speak, if we would be known*; but it is easy to disgrace ourselves by speaking: A Word inconsiderately blurted out, ruins the great Idea we had of a Man who affected a reserv'd way, and spoke in the Strain of an Oracle.

Alcidon was always thought to have had an extensive Knowledge in all kinds of Learning, whilst he vented only Monosyllables; but since he has set up for a Critick, and will determine like a Doctor upon all sorts of Books, he has discover'd the Weakness of his Judgment: He approves the worst Parts in a Piece, and damns all that's good in it, and so has undeceiv'd the Publick, which before thought him a first-rate Genius. 'Tis not always the best way to suffer ourselves to be seen through, and discover'd to be what we really are.

Your Blockheads speak commonly more freely and easily, and with a more satisfied Air, than Men of Sense; the former have a secret Assurance that what they say is admirable, and well receiv'd, and that their Discourse charms those that hear them, and so it does Fools. The others, who talk with more *Reserve, Discretion, and Reflexion*, are less venturous; and as they are seldom satisfied with what lies uppermost, they give the others Leave to beat the Bush, and throw out all
their

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their Follies. A Man that has no regard to Time, Place, or Persons, boldly interrupts the Discourse another has begun, pretends to dictate, and maims every thing he meddles with, talking in a loud and positive Strain, which every body is amaz'd at, he alone making more Noise than a dozen Women that squabble and dispute at once. He is not sensible, however, how contemptible his want of *Discretion* makes him, as having but an ordinary Stock of common Sense, and applauding himself for wretched Things utter'd with a great deal of Assurance.

The Reason why we see so many self-conceited Coxcombs in the World, who fancy they merit Compliments and Applause, whilst they are the Object of Raillery, is, that they don't perceive what Character they are made to act: They are a People that live without Reflexion, or reflect only to magnify the Idea of their pretended Merit; if they have, by Chance, any good Qualities intermix'd with infinite Faults, they serve only to render them more ridiculous and despicable, by the foolish Confidence they possess them with. Here you see the Reason why so many Wretches sprung up from the Dregs of Populace, but who by their Industry, and commonly base Arts, have gotten Estates, think that the Lustre of Wealth effaces all Stains and Imperfections, and hides the Sordidness of their Origin from the Eyes of the World.

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It's a very odd thing that Men, who are so squeamish about their Reputation, and take so much Pains to set off their good Qualities, should take so little Care to disguise their Faults; they are very vigilant at making the best of all their Advantages, which Attention deprives them of another they ought to have, of keeping their Imperfections out of Sight, which render them ridiculous, and corrupt all their Merit; and what is still more incomprehensible, is, that these Imperfections are commonly such as are least suitable to them, and most remote from their Profession and Character. *Balzamon*, an Ecclesiastick, sets up for Beauetry and Foppery; he talks of nothing but his kind Mistresses, holds long Discourses with Women of Desert, about Matters of Beastliness and Lewdness, but who are amaz'd at his Indiscretion and want of Breeding. *George* is only a Merchant's Son; his Father left the Shop some few Years ago to be a Courtier, to file off a little the Rust of his Extrac-tion; and yet *George* boasts of his Ancestors to Sparks that borrow his Money, and have the Complaisance to hearken to him; nay, he is inexhaustible upon the Topick of his Genealogy. He leads you from *Geoffry* to King *Arthur*, with all the History of their Exploits, which makes every body yawn but those that borrow his Pence.

Lively People should ever beware of a Fault they naturally fall into; they would always sparkle in Conversation, and scarce allow others Time to speak a Word. Those that have
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not this bright Talent, impatiently bear their Vivacity, which keeps them under Constraint, and stops their Mouth.

I know not whether of the two Faults is most blâmable in a young Man, a silly Timorousness, attended with a sheepish and awkward Look, which keeps him from opening his Mouth, or an impudent Presumption that defines with a bold Air, censures right or wrong, attacks the Conduct of all the World, vents a thousand Fooleries, and then caresses himself for them; both are equally foolish, but 'tis easier to endure the Silence of the one, than the Frothiness and Vanity of the other.

Have the *Discretion* in your Visits to time them well, that you may not be unwelcome to the visited Person. You start from Home, which you are tir'd of, to visit People that have important Business, or domestick Troubles, which require no Witnesses: They have no Leisure to attend to insignificant Tattle, which you nevertheless vent with an Unconcernedness that distracts them. Can't you read in their Faces how burdensome you are to them? If you do, why should you, by the unseasonable Length of your Compliments, make them think you an Impertinent? But Men are too vain, and full of their own Merits, to do themselves Justice in this Particular.

Don't shew your Face in Places where you are not welcome, nor appear at certain Hours when your Company is unseasonable; 'tis a
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lamentable Character, that of an Impertinent. Stay at Home, and trouble not People with your Visits that don't care for them. Is any one so dull of Apprehension, as not to perceive the Dispositions of those Persons towards him where he goes? If we perceive our Company to be disrelisht, we must be lost to all the Sentiments of Honour, if we spare them not the Uneasiness our importunate Presence gives them. Keep at Home, *Argelisa*, and bear the *Tedium* of your Solitude: Why will you trouble *Lucinda* any more? She has twenty Times shut the Door against you; she dreads you, and your fatiguing Visits; your Face gives her the Head-ach and the Vapours.

Discretion is never more requir'd, than in the Choice of Persons to converse with; the most part of Conversations being ungrateful, because they are ill sorted and contriv'd. Don't unbosome yourself the first Visit you make, nor confide your Secrets to People that hardly know you; but if you have a *discreet* Friend, of an experienc'd Probity, make no Mystery of them to him, give yourself up wholly to his Sincerity, and express an unreserv'd Confidence in him, if you would preserve his Friendship.

If People were wise, they would make their Choice betimes, and leave the World before the World leaves them: The Young are amaz'd to see such as have grown grey, and spent all their Days in Pleasure, still affect to act the agreeable Part, and make a
Figure

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Figure amongst Youth, with their batter'd and furrow'd Faces. 'Tis a forlorn Part they act. But those that ridicule it when they are young, act the same over in their Turn, unable to resolve to follow the Advice they have given, and take the Resolution of a Retreat, tho' they have no other Option left. *Lysionne*, at Seventy-six Years of Age, can't live a Quarter of an Hour without a Crowd about her. Is it not Time to quit the Stage, and entertain more serious Thoughts, when People have only a few Days to live? The Entrance on a retir'd Life is irksome, after a long Course of Years spent in the *grand Monde*, but 'tis a sort of *Decorum* the Publick obliges us to, which resents old Age's living after the Mode of Youth.

'Tis want of *Discretion*, and mistaking a Man's true Interest, to think of pleasing, when the Season of Agreeableness is over: A Man or Woman, whom Age has disfigur'd, make themselves ridiculous by affecting to be consider'd for their Qualifications, and mimicking the Airs of young People. These Affectations expose them to the Railleries of the Youthful, who have always the Laughters on their Side. The Old may preserve a Fund of Respect, by the Supplies of their Assistance, their Counsel, or their Credit; and this they ought to stick to: But they should leave to Youth the Merit of pleasing, as being a Prerogative that can't be safely disputed them, nor without bringing troublesome Opponents on their Backs.

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You mistake in your reckoning, if you think to find only choice and agreeable People in the World; for I must tell you, you will oftner meet with Fools and Impertinents of all Sorts and Sizes, with whom you must familiarize, or banish yourself Conversation. 'Tis a pleasant Consideration enough, that we should have Indulgence for those that tire us; we excuse their Rusticity, their Bluntnesses, and want of Complaisance, but we pardon not those that gape in our Company, because our Vanity suffers by it: The Restlessness we give them, is a Sign of their Contempt of our Persons or Discourse.

There are a sort of troublesome, unconvertible People, who are always upon their Guard, and believe every one has a Design upon them; their Servants and Friends, their Wives and Children, are suspected: They tell you 'tis *Discretion* to observe this Method, and that these Precautions are necessary, unless you would be every body's Property; but with their Pardon, I think 'tis rather an Extravagance, and a Sign of ill Breeding. When we have just Occasions for mistrusting People, we should effectually let them know our Diffidence, that they may not presume to deceive us, nor make Choice of us for Bubbles. But I would advise you to manifest no Suspicion of those that mean no Harm, because your bad Esteem of them may probably provoke them to play you some slippery Trick, which they otherwise never design'd. How many Husbands have, as it were, compell'd their Wives
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to be unfaithful to them? How many Masters shew their Servants the way to Falshood, by unjust Mistrusts, and ill-grounded Jealousies?

Either we ought not to trust our Secrets with our Friends, or else trust them without Reserve. If you confide in them, why do you use Subterfuges and Dissimulation? If you don't, why do you reveal your Secrets, and discover an Openness of Heart which you may afterwards repent of? 'Tis fatiguing and uneasy to keep Company with such as you are oblig'd to disguise yourself from, lest they should penetrate into you; but 'tis vast Indiscretion and Extravagance to communicate Matters of Importance to them, when you are not secure of their Honesty or Retention.

'Tis one of the most common Weaknesses in Men, to make Offers of Service to all People alike, tho' their Insignificancy and Inability are well known: The Meaning is, to make a Figure for something or other, and to allure the Crowd with vain Expectancies; but the Cullies are undeceiv'd, and find, when the Occasion serves, how their Credulity has been abus'd.

Those you have made a Promise to, have a just Title to the Performance of it; and, indeed, a Man should promise nothing beyond his Power, or unless he be very confident he can make it good: But interested Persons don't use to be so exact; to engage others to do them good Offices, they promise mutual Returns;

Returns, the Hope of Retribution being a mighty Spur to quicken them: But having obtain'd their Desires, the Engagements they made are forgotten, and 'tis much if they even remember those that serv'd them: There is a Time when People more readily promise, without thinking of keeping their Words, which is when the importunate Solicitor wears them with his Assiduities; to get rid of this Constraint, they promise what they have no Design to perform. He that has any *Discretion*, will retire when he finds himself so often disappointed.

'Tis not always with an Intention to benefit by your Instructions, that your Opinion is so earnestly demanded; 'tis Commendation and Applause you are courted for, and 'tis easy enough to penetrate through such a Disguise, and into the Sentiments of him that speaks to you. You have severely criticiz'd *Clarion's* Piece that he has read to you, but you clearly mistook his Sentiments, he is persuaded his Verses are so excellent, that neither *Boileau* nor *Dryden* could make better. He seeks to content his Vanity, by reading his Poetry to his silly Admirers, who applaud him, and intoxicate him with their Incense. To deal with such sorts of People, we have need of *Discretion* and Sincerity; we ought not to tell them bluntly to their Faces that their Verses are good for nothing, nor should we be so cowardly as to excuse their Extravagancies.

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What Pretence have you to set up for a Censurer of Mankind? Give others Leave to live after their own way, and keep your *Reflexions* to yourself; don't go about to oppose yourself to the Torrent; they have always liv'd in the same Fashion, and you can't put them out of their Road. Why should you be concern'd at all the Impertinencies they utter, and Fooleries they do, if you are not to answer for them? Be satisfied with not being guilty of the like, and leave the World to itself. Herein *Clorine's Discretion* is not to be sufficiently admir'd. She has a transcendent Wit, and makes so good use of it, as to find her Account with all sorts of People: She rises or falls in Proportion to the Capacity of those she converses with. Men of great Wit please her with their charming Conversation, and Fools divert her by the Fooleries that escape them; so that she still finds an Expedient to be delighted with all Companies, of whatever Characters they consist. Thus all People should behave themselves, to like and approve one another, which would remove those frequent Complaints of the Uneasiness we find in conversing with the World.

I am at a Loss to know why we feel a secret Reluctance when others give us their Advice, and a kind of Aversion to them for it; 'tis a Sign of great Merit, *modestly* to bear Remonstrances, on what Side soever they come: But some are so proud and tender, that the least Thing wounds them; they would be approv'd
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for every thing they do, tho' we have just Reason to reprehend them: Mean time, they should be thankful to People that would prevent their running into Mistakes, and are so friendly, as to open their Eyes in respect to the Irregularity of their Conduct.

'Tis Cowardice to desert our Friends, when they are abus'd in their Absence; we ought to omit nothing for their Vindication, and endeavour to stop the Mouth of unjust Reproach: But we should not passionately take their Parts in frivolous Things, that neither interest their Reputation, nor their Fortune, according to the whimsical Methods of some People, who wantonly occasion themselves personal Quarrels.

Discretion should qualify the Reprimands a Father gives his Children, if he would have them prevail. Is a Master the better serv'd for his Passion to his Servants when they commit a Fault? If to retrieve your Friend from his erroneous Conduct you expostulate angrily with him, your Remonstrances provoke, instead of correcting him. Thus a Husband might easily prevent a young Wife, unpractis'd in the World, from taking bad Measures, and engaging in a Commerce destructive to domestick Peace, if he had the *Discretion* to dissemble his Resentment, and to reduce her to her Duty by Ways of Gentleness and Good-nature: But his severe Treatment, and unseasonable Noise and Clamour, determine and compel her to Resolutions she would never have taken, if he had had more Regard for
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her. Of what Use was all that Uproar *Felicien* made upon his Spouse's Conduct? If she stray'd a little from the Exactness of her Duty, 'twas rather out of Levity, than determin'd Malice. Some discreet Remonstrances, season'd with Tenderness and Confidence, would have won his young Bride's Heart, by consulting her Reputation, which he has absolutely lost by the Noise he has made, and his over-violent Proceedings. 'Tis the Husband's Duty to admonish his Wife, if she be guilty of Faults, or too careless of her Conduct; but more effectually to reduce her to her Duty, his Reprimands should not be over-sharpen'd with Reproach, which have always a bad Effect, much less should he have Recourse to practical Remonstrances, as is the Method of some Husbands, who are not always Masters of their Passion in such nice Conjunctions as require the greatest Presence of Mind.

What, can we think, is in the Heads of some Women, who take no Care to conceal their Intrigues, and who have so deprav'd a Taste as to pride themselves in Things that absolutely disgrace them? Do they mean by this to gain the Men's Affections? 'T would be a strange Fetch of Politicks to disgrace themselves on purpose to get Lovers. Love that is not founded on Esteem, is neither solid nor lasting, but 'tis delicious with them to make themselves contemptible and ridiculous, and there's no Remedy but to give them over to their Passion. *Lerina* seems to have forgotten that she's of one of the best Families in *England*;

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land; that she's young and handsome, and would be ador'd if she had the Art to make use of all her Advantages. Her giddy and libertine Conduct corrupts her Merit; were she more stately and reserv'd, she would fire with other Notions those that now consider her only as a Jilt.

The *Reserve* of a Woman of Merit is a sort of Bridle to contain Men in their Duty; the boldest dare not to take their Swing before a Woman that maintains her Character, but are disconcerted and intimidated by her modest Pride. If the Ladies were careful to preserve this Behaviour, so well-becoming them, they would not only be full as amiable, but rather more respected by the Men, who then durst not forget themselves before them, as they are accustomed to do.

They ruin all their Interest by that Liberty they have for some time assum'd of too *debonnaire* a Carriage, and lose the Empire they have naturally over Men: This giddy Behaviour is only suitable to those wretched Creatures that give us Horror, and possess us with Loathing and Contempt. Have Women of this Character Reason to complain of the Men's ill Carriage to them, that they are grown uncivil and brutal, without Respect, Submission, or Complaisance for them? If they observ'd in their Conduct a *Reserve* and scrupulous Severity that censur'd the least Liberties, the Men would keep within the Bounds of Respect that's due to them. Too great an Easiness renders them familiar and hardy.

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'Tis a difficult Province for a Woman who is desirous to please, and yet willing to save Appearances, to preserve that just *Medium* that is the Perfection of her Character; too much Severity discourages, and an over-strain'd Complaisance grows insipid. These two Virtues should be so combin'd, that Complaisance may be an *Alkali* for the Sourness of Severity, and Severity give Poignancy to Complaisance. This *Æquilibrium* is hard to be kept, the Balance inclines to the Excess of one or other of these Virtues, which is the Reason those who are ever so fond of pleasing hit not upon the Knack of it.

Reserve should have nothing in it, either wild, termagant, or disgustful; 'tis a very different thing from the Affectation of the Mimicks and Apes of Modesty, who treat all alike with a studied Severity, to make People believe they have no Favourite. They pretend to be alarm'd in publick at too free a Word, but in private descend to most shameful Liberties. 'Tis the way of Hypocrites to censure the lightest Things in others, whilst their Conscience upbraids them with certain Matters very repugnant to their Appearance and Grimaces.

Most Women that embark in dishonourable Confederacies so flatter themselves with the Secresy of their little Intrigues, and their nice Politicks to disguise their Conduct, that the Publick must be a Stranger to them: They would not run the Risque they do, if they foresaw the fatal Consequences of their Gallantries

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tries and Engagements: But they are abus'd by their very Confidents, and are ever forwardest to betray those whose *Discretion* they least suspected.

The more Merit a Woman has, the more cautious she should be to do nothing derogatory to her Character. Women of Beauty are continually beleaguerr'd with Ambuscades. There are some nice Conjunctions wherein the most resolv'd Virtue can't stand its Ground. 'Tis the Part of Prudence to foresee these dangerous Occasions, and avoid them at any Rate, when a Woman's resolv'd to stick to her Duty, tho' this may seem a very severe and difficult Task. They that have pass'd the Fire of their Youth, or make a Profession of an austere Virtue, are not so expos'd to the Importunity of Lovers, which is an excellent Remedy to save the Virtue of a Woman.

A Woman attack'd, if Severity be not her Armour, is half vanquish'd, and lets you see she thinks of capitulating. 'Tis easy to descry in her Eyes, her Face, and by the Sound of her Voice, the Effect that bold Discourse has upon her. If she answers with Resolution or Contempt, be a Man never so resolute and enterprizing, he changes his Language; but if her Answers be equivocal or affected, or if she gives but weak Testimonies of her Displeasure, he'll not fail to draw Consequences very injurious to her Glory. The *Reserve* of a Woman that resolves to be regular, retains People in Respect, without

the Assistance of many Words, or a Volley of Passion.

Is it the Women's Fault their Husbands don't love them, or is it the Fault of both? That which is very unaccountable, is, that our Love for a Maid when courted, is so soon extinguish'd when a Wife, tho' she be actually very amiable, and lose no Degree of her Merit. 'Tis true, there are strange Whimsies in the Heart of Man; the Desire he has to possess a Thing, gives it an additional Worth, which sinks as soon as the Desire is over: Besides, the Ardency wherewith he sought it, makes it appear more valuable; so that when this Zeal begins to cool, the thing is not found so amiable as before. We may add, that what is possess'd is less relish'd than what is desir'd, because we are always in quest of new Objects to amuse us; whereas Custom leaves in us a certain Disgust, or Languor, that renders the Things tasteless which we can dispose of. But the most natural Reason why Husbands and Wives have so little Love for each other, is, because they know one another too well; they have not the *Discretion*, or will not be at the Pains to conceal their Weaknesses and Imperfections, because 'tis a tedious Constraint, and they chuse rather to appear in their proper Colours, than put on any Disguise.

Young People, who want Experience, and commonly Understanding too, to see clearly their own Interests, reason very differently from their Parents, who have more Experience, and
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more *Discretion*. A young Maid, whose Heart is already prepossess'd, hears with Pain the Remonstrances of a prudent and understanding Mother, who would provide her Daughter a more suitable Match, tho' not so much to her Inclination. The Daughter considers nothing but the Person, the Mother, who has other Views, and reasons in cool Blood, regards only the Estate; and this is one of the Sources of the Miseries of Marriage: 'Tis engag'd in against Inclination. The Troubles that infallibly attend it, make the Loss of that Match regretted, that was before so agreeable. A Woman persuades herself she should have been more happy by following her own Bias. The Heart that is livelily touch'd, turns naturally to the amiable Object, as the magnetick Needle does to the Pole. The Disgust or Aversion for a Husband, taken only upon Family Considerations, redoubles still the Vexation. Is there need of any thing more, to persuade her she is most miserable? And would it be amiss, to have a little more Regard for the Person, than the Estate?

A Woman of the World is not oblig'd to renounce all sorts of Attire and Ornaments, but may make use of such as are suitable to her Condition, Age, and Character; but when she has gone so far as to turn *Devotee*, to lengthen her Sleeves, and take a religious and regular Habit, the rest of her Conduct should conform to her reform'd Outside: For if she will still be a Woman of Pleasure, if she'll play the same Game, have the same Care of her Beau-

ty, the same Delicacy for all her Charms; the World will set but little by her Devotion, which is merely superficial, and consists in studied Affectation and Grimace.

The Ladies of this Age don't much approve of that *Aphorism* of the ancient Sage, who said, *Women were made only for Rest and Retirement: That all their Virtue consisted in being unknown, without incurring Blame, or deserving Commendation. That she was the most virtuous that was least spoken of.* And therefore he absolutely forbid them the Commonwealth, and confin'd them to the Obscurity of their Families, assigning them only one Employment, which was the Education of their Children, to make them useful Subjects to the State.

Lo! here's a superannuated Piece of Morality! the Ladies have found the Art of shaking off these uneasy Fetters; they love Noise and Bustle: The greatest Intrigues are manag'd by their Ministry. They will have a Hand in every thing, and think themselves capable of reforming both Church and State: They don't as yet desire the heading of Armies, but, bating this, they would willingly submit their Shoulders to all the Burdens of the Republick. Most of them are more enterprizing than Men, more resolute, more fertile in Expedients, and more dextrous at the happy Management of an Intrigue.



Of Moderation and Disinterestedness.

'TIS not to be hop'd that the Generality of Men will quit their ruling Principle of Caprice, to be govern'd by Reason; they float along the Torrent of a whirling and impetuous Humour, which observes neither Laws nor Measures; their Passions drag them along, and Interest warps all their Notions. Their perpetual Outrages render them indocible, and incapacitate them to command themselves. Here you see the Source of the irreparable Faults they commit, and of the Irregularity of their Conduct.

If we well consider, we shall easily observe that most of the Discontents, Disputes, and great Commotions, that infest the Lives of Men, proceed from the want of Skill to moderate themselves, and master their Passions. 'Tis certain Moderation is a Virtue of very extensive Use, and we have frequent need of it in all the different Situations we are plac'd in. 'Tis continually necessary to bear the Misfortunes that besal us, without Dastardy and Complaints; to adapt ourselves to the

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Magottry and Capriciousness of those very troublesome People we are oblig'd to live with; politickly to dissemb'e the disingenuous Treatment of ill-designing Men. 'Tis commonly more prudent not to seem to see at all, than make our Discoveries instrumental to those violent Clashes that have always vexatious Consequences. Few People are sufficient Masters of their Resentment, or their Spleen, to moderate themselves when they see they are despis'd, or hear any Discourse prejudicial to their Glory.

He that could prevail so far over himself as to be undisturb'd at affrontive Language, would find an excellent Preservative for his own Repose: This is a Thing of very difficult Practice, but which, nevertheless, produces a good Effect. If what we are upbraided with be true, 'tis fitter for us to correct ourselves, than for others to forbear us: If the Matter be false, we shall give it the Credentials of Truth, by the Anguish we express. The safest Method is, to set ourselves above these sort of Reports; the slighting of such Discourse discredits it, and robs the Author of the malicious Pleasure he takes in Scandal.

'Tis impossible to secure ourselves from accidental Disappointments and Disgraces, but the Man of *Moderation* establishes a kind of Happiness on the worst Events; ill Successes, which confound and throw impatient People off the Hinges, serve only to brighten the Virtue and Courage of moderate Men. It requires

quites great Strength of Mind; to sustain some Shocks, that exhaust all our Recruits, and seem remediless: And at this Juncture, a Man finds his Moderation a Refuge against the Malignancy of Fortune.

Men of Honour and Honesty sometimes forget themselves in Misfortunes, and the Disorder of their Affairs; the Necessities they are under, provoke them to Actions of Regret, and which they blush the first for. A Man sometimes finds himself in such uneasy Circumstances, that he is oblig'd to force his Temper, and buckle to the Weight of his oppressive Fortune. Ingenuous Dispositions suffer infinitely in these Conjunctions; seeing themselves, in spite of their Courage, forc'd to comply with over-powering Necessity. In these Seasons of Adversity, they must have Recourse to their Moderation, for Expedients to soften and abate the Miseries that can't absolutely be avoided.

If People would, or could moderate themselves, they might easily be happy in every State; but they often form imaginary Causes of Discontent, when they have no real ones. There is such a Magazine of Whims in the Heart of Man, that he turns Tyrant to himself, when no body else disturbs him.

Fronto wants nothing in Nature to be happy, but the Power to enjoy his Fortune. There's no body in greater Favour with his Queen, which is an infallible Sign of his Merit. He possesses a Post, that makes him the Envy of all the World. His Estate is answer-
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able to his Birth and Employments; and yet he is melancholy, and dissatisfied in the midst of all his Prosperity. Without considering what he has, he carries his Ambition to what he has not; and wears out his Life in *Chagrin*, Restlessness and Discontent, which poison all the Sweets and Comfort of his Fortune.

It would be advantageous to some People, not to have so great Fortunes. We find in them innumerable good Qualities, and esteem, love and caress them, when in a lower State; but we (at the same time) see their Merits sink, in proportion to their Elevation. The Change of Fortune for the better, changes the Manners for the worse. The Vices that had been palliated out of Necessity, then shew themselves with greater License.

Lenix was complaisant, moderate, humble and amiable, before he became rich; but since his Father came into the Treasury, and he reckons his Estate by Thousands, he is grown haughty, proud, contemptuous, foolish, and what not. He has lost by his Riches, all the Esteem he had before purchas'd by his Virtue.

What wonder 'tis, that People meanly born, and of a bad Education, should (when rais'd to Estates) forget themselves, and grow self-sufficient and presuming? Their Origin is not remember'd; and the Wealth they swim in makes their Favour courted by Great Men. These mean Condescensions in them, and the
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Occasions the World has for their Assistance, turn their Heads, and make them commonly so foolish and insolent, as to prefer themselves to those that borrow their Money, or sell them their Lands and *Chateaux*.

I question whether Women, who are too fond of Finery, will understand their Interests. Instead of heightning their native Beauty, they obscure it, and hinder its whole Effect. An ugly Woman should beware of drawing People's Eyes upon her by her Attire. When the Ugliness is alone, 'tis not so much minded; it remains (as I said) hid in its own Obscurity.

Old *Clorinda*, with her Rose-colour'd Suit, and all the rest of her Accoutrements, attracts the Railleries of all that view her. It provokes one's Indignation, to see her Skeleton adorn'd with Diamonds, Bracelets, and Locketts; and when she asks whether the Colour of her Ribbons be not fine, one can't forbear laughing in her Face.

There's no body without their Infirmities: The great Art consists in concealing them so nicely, that the World may not find them out. Those that shew themselves too much, and have not sufficient Command and Self-Government on certain Occasions, are constantly expos'd to the Slight and Railleries of such as know them, and who think themselves not oblig'd to spare them.

'Tis not the Season to talk much, when a Man's agitated with violent Passion, and not sufficiently Master of himself. Vexation commonly

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monly makes us vent such Fooleries in haste, as we repent of at leisure. We should therefore never be more watchful of ourselves, than when we are spleetick or enrag'd. This Passion disorders us, be we never so temperate, if we give way to its tumultuous and extravagant Motions.

I was sensibly touch'd the other Day, with a fine Instance of Moderation in *Dorantes*. He found himself abus'd by a Person of much inferior Quality: He had a Cane in his Hand; and at his first Commotion, was tempted to strike the Man who had thus fail'd in Respect. He enter'd his Chamber, to let his Passion cool, before he would finish the Affair that occasion'd his Disorder. A Person of less Temper would have reek'd his Spleen, by caning the senseless Coxcomb; but I am persuaded, a Man of Honour is much asham'd of himself, when he considers in cool Blood, what Violence his Anger has led him to.

They that seek their Repose and Satisfaction in the World, are always restless, because they can't find what they so earnestly pursue. They must not even reckon much on their Fore-sight, which is often baffl'd and surpriz'd by Treachery; against which, Prudence, Strength, and Courage, have no Preservative. When, with all the Care and Pains we are capable of, Things succeed ill, we must do as we do at Play, (which depends on the Freaks of Fortune) endeavour to remedy by Patience, what we lose by Chance.

Rest

Rest satisfied with your good Intentions, if you would preserve your Quiet, and be contented with the secret Pleasure that results from a Consciousness of good Actions; for 'tis in vain to flatter ourselves with the Hopes of every body's Approbation. Tho' equitable People praise you, and do you Justice, you'll find a greater Number to disapprove your Conduct. The generality of Men make no *Reflection*, even on Actions deserving immortal Praise; their Supineness not permitting them to trouble their Heads about what has no Relation to them: Others, more malicious and fantastical, will censure the noblest and most heroick Exploits, that dazzle their jealous Eyes. Acquiesce in the Testimony of your Conscience, and proceed in your own way.

You see how the Opinions of the World are divided about *Favorina*; sound Judges of Things agree, no body can have greater Virtue, finer Wit, a more real Merit, or modester Sentiments, in so high a Fortune: Whereas others, of small Insight and Penetration, or of a capricious Judgment, say, she is a Hypocrite that plays a Part, and conceals (under an humble Exterior, and pretended Modesty) an immeasurable Fund of Pride. To lessen the Merit of the great Things she does, and which are too manifest to be denied, they give her sinister Intentions, which she never had. They endeavour to insinuate, that she aims at nothing but her own Dignity and Fortune, even when she acts from the most sublime and exalted

ed Motives. Such is the Malice and Extravagance of the Heart of Man.

A Man should be very secure of his Point, that takes the Liberty to reproach People. 'Tis hard for a Person that is unjustly accus'd, to contain himself: His Blood rises at the Extravagance, or Malice of those, that deny Justice to his Virtue: But when the Reproaches are well grounded, the Man has nothing to say, because his own Conscience still urges him more severely.

Persons of Quality need not to be apprehensive of being too courteous and familiar; their Rank and Dignity sufficiently maintain their Respect; and the Ambition of pleasing them, makes us easily submit to their Desires. They should therefore, by a popular and easy Behaviour, endeavour to soften the Yoke of this Dependance: Hereby they would gain the Confidence and Friendship of those that have to do with them; whereas too great State, and a haughty and impertinent Carriage, discourages and rebuffs them.

There is a Sort of Correspondence betwixt the Subject and his Prince. The Subject is oblig'd to Obedience and Submission; the Prince to Care, Protection, Bounty, and Easiness of Access. When Things are in this Position, every body is content. The inferior Person finds a Pleasure in Obeying, and is not sensible of the Clog of his Dependance.

In your Converse with haughty People, put on so much Moderation and Reserve, as never to let them see you have an eminent Merit,
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out-shining theirs. If Persons much above you, ask your Advice, don't give it like a Pedagogue, or pretend to tutor them. Modestly lend them your Instructions, as if you only mingled Counsels with them. These Insinuations will make you more agreeable than all you can say or do in their behalf.

Such as love disputing in Conversation, and always use the Negative to what others advance, frequently make a personal Quarrel of a frivolous matter that's contested, Opposition heats them, and makes them obstinate in defending their Opinions. If they want good Arguments to support them, the ordinary Recourse is to Invectives and Reproaches, which are commonly smartly return'd by the offended Person. This Reply passes for the Rancour of an insulting Enemy; and thus a Trifle grows into a serious Business, and Arbitrators are call'd in to determine the magotty Dispute.

'Tis almost impossible to carry on a long Acquaintance, with the generality of Men, without occasion of Complaint. But the Fault is, that our Complaints are too strong and bitter. The means we take to reduce People that offend us, sets their Reconciliation at an impracticable Distance. An obliging Procedure, genteel and tender Reprehensions, have a much better Effect to smooth and soften the most savage Disposition. Lenity and Moderation are the aptest Remedies we can apply to bring back fantastical and unreasonable People to their Duty. In the mean time, this is a Method very seldom taken; it being a vulgar Notion,

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Notion, that Reputation is concern'd to give such Thunder-Claps as may call up every body's Attention.

I know not whether it may be reckon'd a Paradox, *That greater Strength of Mind is requisite to bear good Fortune than bad.* Vulgar Souls bend under the Weight of their Prosperity, their Joy bursts out of them whether they will or no, and we read their most secret Thoughts in the Lines of a satisfied Countenance: They can't help discovering their Pride that flows from Wealth, and their Contempt for those that want it.

Men of greatest Depth and Wisdom have no infallible Security against making false Steps, but when this Misfortune happens, you are not obstinately to maintain an absurd Choice by a mistaken Bravery, or the Asperity of Resentments that plunge you into fresh Precipices: Try to recover from your Error, there being commonly more Merit in a dextrous disengaging from a Labyrinth, than in the first avoidance of the Fault. We pity a Man whom the Wretchedness of his Affairs, or unhappy Circumstances, have disconcerted; but we don't pity those that by an unseasonable Obstinacy give the finishing Stroke to their own Ruin, when they might easily restore their Matters by following another Conduct.

Temper is never more necessary in Conversation, than when it turns upon Raillery: 'tis very hard to govern one's self in a Run of Mirth and Humour, which has the Applause of all the Company: Conversation is indeed
more

more lively and agreeable for it; but it seldom happens that those that rally, and the rallied Persons, depart good Friends. Delicate People sometimes feel themselves more wounded and offended at a Jest than an Affair of Consequence, because every body dreads *Ridicule*, and hates to see others merry at their Cost.

Whence is it we have not the same Indulgence for others, that we expect from them? Such is the Injustice of Men, that they require Perfection in every body else, whilst the World has a thousand just Indictments against them themselves. *Lucretia* is every where complaining of *Ismene's* contradicting Humour; she says she's a froward Creature, and that you know not where to have, nor how to live with her; yet the World has not a more unconvertible, whimsical, finical Piece, than *Lucretia* herself is. 'Tis common enough for those who have palpable Enormities, which every body suffers by, to tax others with Peccadillo's, which they heighten into Prodigies.

It seems to be the Law of Reprisals, that we observe no Measures with those that insult us with harsh and offensive Language; and 'tis an establish'd Custom to answer People in the same Strain: But yet it must be own'd, that this is the very Pest of Conversation, and that whoever has sufficient Command of himself not to be passionate on these Conjectures, and to restrain a cutting Expression ready to escape him, is much
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to be commended, for sparing, out of pure Generosity, People undeserving such nice Regards.

What signifies it to vent one's self in Clamour and Passion against those that drop you after a long Acquaintance, whilst you have given no Occasion for such ill Treatment? These Hurricanes and Transports are very useless, and never reduce them to their Duty. The best Expedient we can use with such as desert us, is to give them Liberty to do it: If this be an Affliction to us, we should not let them have the Pleasure of perceiving it.

When a Man has done us an ill Office, or treated us ill in Discourse, which our imprudent Friends relate to us, the first Thing that occurs is a desire of Revenge, and of seeking all Occasions to give Proofs of our Resentment. We rail at him in all Companies, and would have every Body engage in our Quarrel, and approve our Procedure; This is the common Practice of Mankind. But it would be much more generous to supersede these sort of Affairs, and only, by some gentle Reproofs to shew we are not insensible, or so stupidly indolent as to be touch'd with nothing. If we took this Method, instead of that of Calumnies and Invectives, we should find the Secret of giving them all the Blame, and preserving our own Repose and Reputation. Why will you commit the same Fault, and furnish the Aggressor with as just Materials of Complaint?

Tem-

Temper and *Moderation* are at all Times necessary, because we every where meet with humourfome and untractable People, that afford a noble Subject for our Patience: A Man happens to be tied to an ill-humour'd Wife, who is always quarrelling and scolding; his clownish and brutish Servants don't serve him to his Mind; his false Friends betray or abandon him when he has most Occasion for their Assistance: His Enemies, bent on his Ruin, create him unlucky Troubles. What Resolution should he take under these Confusions? Must he be always bidding Battel to those that play him these ill Turns, to force them to be reasonable in spite of their Natures? This would be a very vain and fruitless Undertaking. The surest and shortest way were to arm one's self with Philosophy, and retire within the Fort of *Moderation*.

We find a sort of Men very much of the Nature of wild Beasts, always ready to tear you in Pieces, and devour you: They place to the Account of Benefactions the Mischiefs they don't do you. Expect no good Offices from them, nor hope, by the Recital of your Misfortunes, to move and soften them to Compassion; think it rather a Mercy if they don't push you off the Brink of the Precipice to finish your Destruction. By the Malice of their Natures, they are always in a Disposition to do all the Mischief they are capable of, and they feel an ill-natur'd Joy whenever they exasperate and plague you. Ought such Men to have come into the World? Or ought not the

the Laws of well-regulated Governments to banish them human Conversation?

There's in Man such a Fund of Gall and Malignity, as makes him behold with Envy the Talents and fine Qualities of others; he can't resolve to commend them when they are mention'd, his whole natural Bias leaning to Slander and Disparagement. People love mutually to criticize one another. The Soldier talks freely of his Captain, the Captain censures the Field Officer, who likewise thinks he can lecture his General: The General throws upon the Court the Mismanagement of the Campaign. Let every one take care to discharge his own Duty, without enquiring into others Obligations, depending on them for the Success of the Enterprize, or charging the Blame on them when it proves abortive.

Sordid and groveling Souls reduce every thing to their own Interests, there's no treating on the square with this sort of People; they'll one way or other hook you in to their Advantage. The other Day I heard *Nonanville* venting Maxims favouring of the Climate he was born in; he openly declar'd he always kept his Eyes fix'd on that Part by which a Man might be beneficial to him in something; that he employ'd him according to his Talent, and deserted him whenever he had sprung all the Services out of him he could. Avoid these Earth-born Creatures, that cultivate you like their Cattle, only for the use they make of you.

We

We have all naturally a great Inclination to Injustice, and give but too much Scope to that Inclination; which, perhaps, is one of the Things that poisons most the Pleasure of Society and civil Life. This is the Origin of all those Complaints so often heard, sometimes just and sometimes otherwise, by reason of a Man's extream Tenderneſs for his own Interests, and Indolence for those of others. 'Tis certain every one thinks only on himself, and counts for nothing whatever respects his Neighbour. Mean time, if we would be happy ourselves, we should contribute all we can to the Happiness of others; for otherwise we should be daily encounter'd with Opposition; whereas if we acted in such sort, that other Men might be jointly happy with us, they would not obstruct our Designs, because they would find their own Account in them; and thus our Lives would be less perverted in their Course, and flow more uniformly, and with greater Tranquility.

If you can't divest yourself of your bad Qualities, endeavour, at least, to shrowd them from publick Notice. Why will you have others suffer the *Chagrin* of your Ill-humour, and that impertinent Authority you assume of censuring all Mankind? Do you think to recommend the Niceness of your Taste by your Squeamishness and Difficulty? Or do you propose to pass your Dictates for Decisions, which are the Products of your Caprice and Extravagance?

Violence and Passion are not capable of doing Business; that requires a Man should be Master of himself, and Possessor of his Reason,

so far as wisely to consult the Measures conducing to the End propos'd. 'Tis far want of Precaution the best Affairs miscarry, which would have had a better Issue, if they had been better manag'd; so that we are not always to exclaim against the Injustice of Men, when our Enterprizes fail of the desir'd Success; but must sometimes charge it to our own Imprudence. In this Case, we have the Advantage of an After-game: We must correct ourselves by the Experience of the Faults we have fallen into, and make use, for the future, of the false Steps we have made in Times past. 'Tis a general and most approv'd Maxim, *That Patience ripens the most difficult Designs, and renders the Execution of them easy*; whereas Precipitation spoils the best concerted Enterprizes.

If Discretion does not moderate our indiscreet Zeal, we shall do more Injury to our Friends than Service by it. Whatever well-meaning a Man may have, his Imprudence commonly does more harm, than his Warmth does good. If Reason don't govern the Motions of the Heart, we shall soon ruin the best Affairs by over-acting them.

If your Zeal to retrieve your mistaken Friends be not discreet and moderate, they'll think you troublesome; your eternal Documents, make the Sight of you formidable, and put them under perpetual Constraint. You can't say any Thing before *Lycas*, but you provoke his Spleen and Ill-humour. The most indifferent Actions, and harmless Pleasures, are to him unpardonable Crimes. He makes Giants and Monsters of
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Windmills and Chimera's, on purpose to fight, and have Occasion for quarrelling: And when once the Stum of his Blood ferments, he makes long Declamations, with equal Earnestness and Fire, as if the Ruin of the three Kingdoms were at Stake, purely for a Fancy, which he tricks up into a Reality, to have the greater Pretence for his Outcries. What is most perplexing with People of this Character, is, that if you seem to hear and approve their Remonstrances, they tutor you like assiduous Pedants always at your Elbow. If you are negligent and unattentive to their Advice, they rage and fly out into irreconcilable Enmity.

If People were as diligent to prevent the Judgment of the Publick, before the embarking in an Affair, as they are to pacify it after they are absurdly engag'd, they would save this insignificant Trouble. Apologies are of no Use, when the Conduct gives the Lie to the Discourse. What gets a Woman when her Intrigues are known, by all the Reasons she urges, to prove the Uprightness of her Intentions? The Judge that suffers himself to be corrupted by Cabal, and Solicitation, can't prevent the Disrepute of Dishonesty, by all his Sophistry to evade it. But when a Man has done his Duty, he ought not to be disturb'd at the Voice of the Publick, which is not always on Virtue's Side: He that can so moderate himself as not to be gall'd with Discourse to his Disadvantage, has found out the Art of living at Rest, and avoiding unhappy Contests. The Slights we express for disobliging Discourse, extracts part of its

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Sting

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Sting and Venom, and cools the envious Person's Passion for Obloquy and Slander. When *Favorita* first enter'd upon the World, her personal Merit, Beauty, and Charms, alarm'd the whole Sex, who all took the Field with Leagues offensive and defensive, to ruin so formidable a Rival; and they made horrible Ravage on her Reputation: But by good Fortune *Favorita* had Temper and Moderation equal to her Beauty, she seem'd not to hear all was said against her; her *Politeness*, sweet Disposition, and Insinuations, calm'd the most Outrageous, who were all ashamed of their ill Doings, and afterwards earnestly courted the Friendship of a Person so good-humour'd, who return'd the Envy of ill Offices with Caresses.

When we don't think ourselves oblig'd to speak advantageously of some People, whose Proceedings we don't like, we ought at least to have so much Temper, as to spare them, and not divulge their Faults and Infirmities, to turn them into Ridicule, or do them Prejudice. Since we ourselves are so tender, and expect to be cultivated, let us have the same Equity for others; a disobliging Word often causes more cutting Reflexions than ill Offices done with less Despite.

'Tis a hard Matter to preserve People any long time, and to take such just Measures as to be able always to reckon upon their Friendship: The least Indifference, express'd without Design, makes them forget all the Services we have done them. An innocent Raillery, about Trifles and indifferent Things, provokes them,
and

and they consider it as a sensible Injury, tho' you meant not to offend them. Unable to forgive, they seek all possible Occasions to give you Testimonies of their Resentment, and thwart you in your most necessary Affairs.

We should be cautious how we abuse the Kindness of our Friends; 'tis their Duty to be solicitous for our Interests, and maintain them warmly, to do us Service when we have need of their Assistance, not to make an ill Use of our confiding in them, and to be tenacious of our Secrets; but when they have done all they are capable of, we ought to demand no more. Most Men are so unreasonable, that all they do for others seems to be of great Consequence; but they are so little affected with the good Offices of their Friends, as to reckon them still in their Debt, when they have sacrific'd all to serve them.

Most Men think they ought to be rough and severe, to be respected; whereas this Harshness and Moroseness disoblige every body: Clemency and Goodness advance their Affairs more than inflexible Rigor, because People ill treated do every thing, as it were, in spite. *Hortensius* would think himself degraded from his Authority, if he gave the least obliging Word to his Expectants and Dependants; his severe Air makes him consider'd and shunn'd as a Pedant, and People tremble when they have any thing to treat with him about, or Interest to solicit. Is it so hard a thing to put on a smiling Look, and to express a little Complaisance?

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to those that accost us, who are already under pain enough to be obliged to ask it of us?

Men in eminent Posts, the Principals in Corporations, and chief Ministers in the State, should civilly treat the Persons that apply to them. They are oblig'd to refuse a great many, but yet ought to send them away satisfied; at least, with Words and Looks to soften their Denials, when they can't satisfy them by Effects.

'Tis certain, with the Generality of the World, Interest carries it above Glory. They stickle for great Employments rather to get Wealth than Fame. But 'tis a shameful Traffick to prostitute a glorious Post, to the Sordidness of amassing Riches, and which a Man ought to be content with, for the Honour that's annex'd to it.

Considering the Make and Complexion of Mankind, there's no reckoning upon their Generosity. Self-love and Interest have so warp'd their Sentiments, they draw all the Lines of Profit to their own Center. They have still some Regard to themselves in the good Offices they do you, and would have less Consideration for you, but for the Hopes of reciprocal Services. In the mean time, it must be reckon'd a Baseness to cultivate our Friends only for their Usefulness; to give them up to their ill Fortune, and to break all Commerce with them, when the Disorder of their Affairs, incapacitates them for future Use to us.

True Friends and disinterested Friendships, are Things no longer to be met with. The Friendship that's practis'd now-a-days, is only
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a Disguise for Self-love, which unmasks on Occasions, where our Interests, and those of our suppos'd Friends, come into Competition. What is very odd and unaccountable, is, that the Happiness of our Friends, is sometimes our Mortification; proportionably to their Advancement, or Accession of Happiness, they decline in our Affections. We see them with Uneasiness and a sort of afflicting Constraint; Our Confidences abate, and we can't pardon Fortune the Favours she shews the Persons we love. It would be less afflicting and invidious if her Bounty had flow'd on Persons unknown or indifferent to us. What Giddiness and Preposterousness is this!

Envy and sordid Jealousies put us upon strange Extravagancies in Civil Life. We are enrag'd at the Success and Elevation of some People we see sailing with a full Gale and Torrent of Favour. We forgive them neither their Endowments of Nature nor Fortune. We give our Malice a swing, and recur to a thousand Artifices, to ruin a troublesome Merit that eclipses our own, and is beheld with Disquiet and Jealousy. We should, at least, be so much Masters of ourselves and Indignation, as to disguise these sordid Sentiments, so unbecoming a Man of Honour. Shall you have more Merit, think you, when you have lower'd that of your fancied Rivals? Yet this is the Politicks of most People, of all Ranks and Conditions whatsoever. Old Men enviously behold the growing Fortune of the Young: A Proficient in Science, or in War, is almost in despair,

to see another distinguish'd by an extraordinary Merit. Young People of the same Pretensions can't bear one another, and hardly abstain from open Rupture; Women are impatient of Rivals upon the Chapter of their Beauty, and fly to all kinds of Stratagems to decry their Competitors. *Angelica* is to be excepted from this common Rule: Tho' she be perfectly handsome, and it be so rare a thing for a handsome Woman to commend another for her Beauty, she talks of it with Pleasure; she is the first that observes their Graces, and imposes Silence on Detractors. In my Mind these obliging Ways do her as much Honour as her fine Qualities and personal Merit.

Decorum does not always permit us to do for ourselves what we are allow'd to do for others; we praise them without Reserve, and 'tis even a Piece of Merit so to do: We beg and solicit, and make bold Advances; we are importunate, and all this is decently perform'd, for the Affairs and Interests of our Friends; but we should with an ill Grace do as much for our own. Here a little more Wariness and Circumspection is becoming; a great *Disinterestedness* adds much to a Man's Character, perhaps because 'tis so rare a Virtue, and out of Date.

We are not always qualified, by the Situation of our Affairs, to do People essential Services; but when we do them, let it be in pure Generosity, and without Views of Interest. However, it depends upon us to deport ourselves genteely, with Respect and Complaisance to them.

them. This *polite* Treatment has commonly the same Effect as our good Offices, and engages People to serve us with as much Zeal as if we had been their Benefactors: What would it cost us to be courteous, when our Circumstances don't permit us to interest them by Dependance?

Persons naturally generous and *disinterested*, expect no Returns for their good Offices; they don't put their Benefits to Use, nor feed their Friendship with the Diet of Hope and Interest, the pure Pleasure of Friendship being all they seek in the Commerce of their Friends; a Virtue rarely to be found, and which strongly bespeaks its own Antiquity.

'Tis a Littleness of Soul that's very common, to love to receive, and it requires a great Mind, and very noble Sentiments, to give, without some secret Self-consideration: But he that is befriended by a good Office, should have an eternal Acknowledgment proportion'd to the Quality of the Benefit.

In the Age we live, there's hardly any Honesty tenable against Gold; the Temptation is extremely taking, and the severest Women are sometimes caught by this Allurement; nay, even Men of staunchest Probity are not always impregnable, especially when born indigent, or feeling the Pressures of domestick Want. But yet a Man of Honour should never swerve from his Duty to accommodate his Affairs. The safest way in such a Conjunction, is, to distrust one's self; if we once begin to capitulate, we are gone. When a Man is once arriv'd to the

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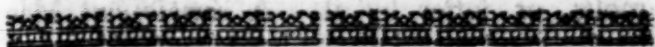
Contempt of Money and Riches, he has no farther obstacle in his way to an exalted Virtue. This Spirit of *Disinterestedness*, is an infallible sign of a Soul well made, and rais'd above the Vulgar. But where is this Phoenix to be found?

A covetous and self-interested Woman is obnoxious to all the false Steps which those that know her Weakness and Disposition, can wish. Here lies the Origin of those ridiculous Engagements observable in some Women. They prefer, without more ado, their rich and pecuniary Lovers, tho' never so great Fools, to Men of Merit, incapable of supplying their vain Extravagances.

If we have a generous and *disinterested* Heart, our Friends will grow the dearer to us when they fall into any Misfortune; then is the time to re-animate our Affection, our Zeal and good Offices, and shew that 'tis their Persons and not their Fortunes that engage us. Unless we be barbarous, we can't mean Evil to People persecuted by their Misfortunes; nor cherish our hatred against a miserable Enemy. 'Tis great Cruelty to be bent upon tormenting a Man groaning under the Weight of his ill Fortune; and yet, unless we watch ourselves, that's exactly the Season we chuse to create him Disturbances, and take advantage of the bad Circumstances he is under.

Interest and Pleasure are as the two Springs of human Life: None but some privileg'd Souls are determin'd by the Motions of Glory. Those that are sway'd by the love of Interest,
give

give way to base and scandalous Actions: Women that are generally more tender or weak, are misled by Pleasure. This is the Reason we find so many too little concern'd for their Fame: Pleasure carries it above the Precautions they should take to preserve their Reputations.



Of Complaisance.

WHEN a Man is arriv'd at *Complaisance*, 'tis no long Journey to *Politeness*: But *Complaisance* should be well manag'd and understood, neither excessive nor sneaking, but proportion'd to the Quality, Merit, and Character of Persons, with a just distinction. It ought not to degenerate into sordid Flattery, nor have any thing insipid or bespeaking a servile and interested Soul in it.

We may say in general, that *Complaisance* is the Soul of Civil Society; 'tis that which gives the Charms and maintains the Pleasure of Conversation. 'Tis that which accustoms us to all sorts of Humours, and makes us neither troublesome, nor exceptionous; nor does it make us querulous for want of Respect paid to our Dignity or Merit; nor litigious for every Trifle. If our Neighbours Conduct gives us offence in any thing, this teaches us to chuse a proper time dexterously to insinuate what Injury

jury he does himself, and to advertise him of the Scandal the World takes at it; and all this in a Manner that's free from Severity and Pride, that we may not exasperate him by discouraging Advice. *Complaisance* is a gentle and easy Virtue; it makes us content with every body, or if not, so artfully to conceal our Resentments, that no body may perceive our ill Humour, or suffer by it. A *complaisant* Man hardly ever complains he has been fail'd on important Occasions, or not so zealously serv'd as he ought to be; on the contrary, he easily persuades himself he has been oblig'd beyond all Obligation, and heightens the Idea of the good Offices he has receiv'd, to heighten his Acknowledgments. He tries to find Reasons to palliate the Faults committed to his Prejudice, and, when these fail, he endeavours to excuse People upon their Well-meanings. Had Men but a mutual *Complaisance*, their Conversation would be much more agreeable, their Lives would pass with greater Ease and Tranquillity, they would have no Occasion for those furious Contests or Explications which always leave some Asperity behind, and make them incapable of seeing one another with the same Pleasure and Freedom.

There's a sort of Charm in *Complaisance* which there's no resisting; our Affections easily stream towards the gentle and good-humour'd, that enter into our Sentiments, applaud all we say, and are not dishearten'd with our Caprices and ill Humours. However, these good-natur'd Folks are to be advis'd, that an extravagant

gant *Complaisance* breeds Weariness and Contempt. 'Tis rather Flattery and Folly, than *Complaisance*, not to dare to contradict People stupidly venting their Extravagancies, and making themselves ridiculous by the Fooleries that escape them. *Complaisance* has its Boundaries as well as other Virtues, and 'tis turning Fool to approve Impertinencies, and extol the Follies of a Man we are making Court to. A Person well known in the World by his Post and Quality, turns all his Discourse into Panegyrick; he commends the Elbow-Chair, and the Hand-Screen you give him; he admires the Situation of the Chamber, praises the inlaid Floor, the Bed, the Alcove, the Cieling: He dwells upon the Riches and Magnificence of the Owner, his Equipage, and Expences; nay, 'tis much if he does not make the Panegyrick extend even to the Horses: I heard him once commend the good Grace of a one-ey'd crooked Child. He has the same Indulgence for the Productions of Wit; every thing charms and transports him; the Jingle of a trivial Epigram is, with him, preferable to all the fine Sentences in *Juvenal*. He counterfeits Rapture to please the Author, who takes all his hyperbolical Praises for current Coin; but by Misfortune he bestows it as liberally on a Coxcomb, as a Man of Honour. This is not the *Complaisance* becoming Men of Worth.

Nothing renders a Man more agreeable, nor makes him more earnestly courted, than a smooth *Complaisance*, dispens'd with a necessary Deportment; that is, having nothing of

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Affectation in its Manner, or favouring of the Rankness of Flattery. When People have Occasion for our Assistance, we should express our Readiness to serve them; but we should not have the same *Complaisance* when they require unreasonable Services, contrary to the Rules of Honour, Conscience, and Honesty.

As there are Vices or Imperfections which seem to have no Foundation in our Natures, but are the pure Effects of a contracted Habit resulting from an irregular Understanding; so there are some Virtues that don't always depend on Constitution, but are acquir'd by means of Art, and the usage of the World. *Complaisance* is one of these, it being certain that Education contributes much to it, and that the Commerce of polite Persons we desire to please, files off a certain Roughness that is born with us, and grows up with us, by the Converse only of clownish People, whom we take no Pains to please, nor care to cultivate.

A Man naturally *complaisant*, has a great Dexterity to insinuate himself into the Tempers of Men, which is commonly the best Means of obtaining what we desire; for they love to oblige those good-humour'd People that study their Taste, and condescend to please them. But I don't approve of the *Complaisance* of those grov'ling Souls that expose themselves to every thing for mercenary Views, and would sacrifice their Repose and Reputation to conform to the Caprices of such as can make their Fortune.

He that has a great Fund of natural *Complaisance*, unless he be wary and attentive to himself,

himself, degenerates to a flat and insipid Conversation, except he supplies the Defect by a great deal of Wit; because by approving every thing that's said, and being ever of the Opinion of the Speaker, Conversation can't be long kept up with him, and the Discourse continually drops, for want of Matter. 'Tis not properly failing in *Complaisance*, or infringing the Rules of *Politeness*, to contradict another, and be of an opposite Opinion, when 'tis only to quicken the Discourse, to give him Occasion to speak in defence of his Assertion, provided on both Sides just Measures be observ'd, and they are not carried away with the Heat of the Dispute, which often makes Men forget that reciprocal *Complaisance* is necessary in Conversation. As Disputes are not to rise to this Excess, so neither ought we to approve Things that merit no Approbation. This extravagant Indulgence and Facility offends Persons of good Sense, and is reasonably suspected by them: They mistrust these so *complaisant* Gentlemen, that are driving on their own Designs, by a servile Courtship of those they have Occasion for, and a wonderful Address to extol the most trivial Things they do, as if they were extraordinary and surprizing. If you have any Sentiments of Honour, forbear to purchase the Services or Favour of Men, by such sordid *Complaisances* as are only befitting Wretches, and who are commonly but ill paid for them; for generally we despise those too humble Fawners, as knowing to what Degree they ought to carry the Respect is due to us, and have greater Regard for such as refuse to flatter us in so glaving a Manner.

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Manner. Women are still more susceptible of these Sentiments than Men; they treat with an insupportable Haughtiness their cringing humble Slaves, and pay more Regard to such as have a more manly Courage, and will not adore their Caprices and Chimera's.

It would be Cowardice, rather than *Complaisance*, to resolve to suffer all the Affronts that People have a Mind to put upon us; the World is full of whimsical People, whose mean Birth or Education renders them insolent and haughty, especially if they have made any Fortune; a sort of Animals that have no regard to Merit, or Quality, that does not glitter with the Lustre of Riches. 'Tis proper to humble the Strain of this sort of People when they forget themselves, to take down their Insolence, and make them shrink and retire into their primitive Nothing.

'Tis a noble Present Nature makes us, when she brings us good-humour'd, genteel, and *complaisant* into the World; for 'tis very rare to see People get rid of their Vices of Constitution: There are such as are naturally untoward, that have a Fund of Ill-humour, capable of sowing all the Joys of Life; that are so whimsical and morose, you know not how to approach them, nor by what Handle to lay hold of them to bring them to Reason. If you have any thing to contend with them, you must make all the Concessions they desire, for they'll make no Abatements; and when you have sacrific'd all to please them, they still complain they are ill treated. Could these People understand

derstand how hateful they are, perhaps they would attempt something of Humanity, and not set up, as they do, for petty Tyrants, formidable to all that have to do with them.

If People that have no *Complaisance* for any body knew what a Disease their Ill-humour was to all the World, or at least had the Discretion to stay at Home, and not mingle in Companies that mean nothing but Diversion, we should not suffer by their *Misanthropy* as we do, but abandon them to their peevish Spleen: But they seem to envy others Joy, censuring and controuling them for what they do, and reproaching them for the most innocent Pleasures, whilst every one goes on in his own way, and all they get by their Animadversions, is, to be shunn'd as the Bane and Pest of civil Society; for nothing so much poisons Life, as these troublesome, uncomplaisant, and untractable Creatures, who defend, with an inflexible Stiffness, all the Propositions they advance, and never quit their Hold on any Consideration whatsoever. 'Tis a wretched Torment to be oblig'd to endure the foolish Visits of People of this Complexion: Those that set up for Civility and *Complaisance*, have frequent Indignities to undergo, because others abuse their Easiness and Condescension: But they should exactly know how far *Complaisance* is to be carried with People of a certain Character, with whom an implicit Submission would degenerate into Blockishness and Stupidity. 'Tis good to know the Genius of People we have to deal with, in order to make them sensible it is out of pure Generosity and *Complaisance*

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plaisance we abate of our Rights, and grant them all they can wish, to the end they may bear the Blame of the Refusal.

Men of Letters are seldom guilty of an Excess of *Complaisance*; on the contrary, they'd have all the World stoop to their Opinions, and do Homage to their Learning. What an obstinate Battel have we seen of late, fought by these literate Gentlemen, about the Preference of the Ancients and the Moderns, and a personal Quarrel made of an imaginary Dispute! A Man is allow'd to propose his Opinion, and confirm it with the strongest Arguments he can, but he ought not to take it ill that others are of another Mind, nor give abusive Language to bring them over to his Sentiments.

It requires the Conjunction almost of all Virtues, to be *polite* and *complaisant*; a Man must be Master of himself, and his Words, his Gestures and Passions, that nothing offensive may escape him, to give others just Occasion to complain of his Proceedings. *Complaisance* comprises in it I know not how much Good-nature, Humanity, and Obligingness; its principal Design is to conform to all sorts of Tempers at any Rate: Is it any wonder, then, so few are to be found that are truly *complaisant*?

The great Secret of happy living with all the World, is, to take Men as we find them; we must bear something of the Freaks and Follies of those we expect great Things from: Don't ruin, by want of *Complaisance*, or a mis-tim'd ill Humour, any good Designs to oblige you; cherish, by your Insinuations, all good Dispositions

sitions towards you, and especially, let not such People see the Disgust which the Roughness and Capriciousness of their Behaviour gives you. How many have seen their Fortune ruin'd by a mistaken Loftiness, and an unseasonable Pride? They had but a Moment longer to suffer, and they had not the Patience to wait. Men are to be satisfied with good Looks, and why will we not then content them at so cheap a Rate? An obliging Word, pertinently utter'd, a gracious Smile, a little Deference for their Sentiments, some Advances made at their Request, to please them, make them entirely yours; whereas a little Coldness, a frozen Countenance, some disobliging Expressions, lose them beyond Recovery; and 'tis much if you find no ill Offices from their Resentment. In our Applications to *Martella*, we never fail to find her always dispos'd to do us Service; nothing discourages her, neither the Nature of the Business you propose, nor the Difficulty of the Things you desire, provided they are within her Capacity. She does not give you Time to finish your Compliment, she guesses and prevents you, and one sees in her easy Look the Pleasure she feels in obliging those that have Occasion for her. She never lets her Expectants languish thro' troublesome Delays, which make the Benefit dear-bought. The Head-ach, Interest of her Health, Confusion of her Affairs, and a thousand other frivolous Excuses an unobliging Woman would use, to exempt her from doing the Favour ask'd of her, these are Artifices *Martella* is ignorant of: She is not satisfied

fied with herself, but when she has carried her Zeal even beyond your Wishes, and when she has succeeded, she thinks herself over-paid for her Pains, by the Pleasure she takes in that she has given you.

Many are mistaken in their Notions of *Complaisance*, knowing neither its Character, Degree, nor Extent; they confound a fulsome Fawning, which degenerates into Insipidness, with a regular *Complaisance* that never applauds Fooleries: 'Tis not *Politeness* or *Complaisance* to say soft Things to every body, and lavish our Praises upon People without Choice, Judgment, or Discretion. When their Actions rather deserve Reprimand than Applauses, 'tis making one's self contemptible to commend them; these ill-plac'd Encomiums do neither Honour to the Giver nor Receiver; and yet this Practice has infected the Court, as well as the Country. A Man is continually expos'd to the Persecution of those insipid Flatterers who waste their Panegyricks upon all Comers, and make rational People sick. Woe to the Man that has any Merit, or has publish'd any Book, when he falls into the Hands of these everlasting *Praisers*; they give him no Quarter, but stifle him with the Fumes of their false Incense.

Others we find innocent of this extravagant *Complaisance*, yet guilty of the opposite Extream, carrying it fair with no body, and negligent to conceal their Disrespect; untouch'd with every thing but their own Performances: All besides appears flat, and undeserving their Applauses, of which they are wonderfully tenacious.

cious. The first thing they open their Lips for, is, to tell you what you read to them is naught, without giving themselves Leisure to hear or understand it.

'Tis not to be hop'd to meet with none but agreeable and conversable People in Society, but we ought to excuse their Weaknesses and impertinent Discourse; we must expect many tiresome Visits, when we set up for Visiting-Days. Amongst some reasonable People abundance of Impertinents will slip in, that will make Solitude to be regretted, but the worst is, these Persons won't believe themselves so troublesome, nor entertain the least Suspicion that their Company is tiresome. Those that have the most Merit, and Accomplishments to acquit themselves well in Conversation, will sometimes grow insupportable, because they will always shine. We feel a secret Indignation in seeing People excel and eclipse us, so that 'tis not enough to have fine Qualities, unless we have the Art to manage them, and suit ourselves to the Tempers, Characters, and Abilities of the People we converse with. 'Tis a sort of Tyranny to keep every body in Suspense by long Narratives, and suffer no body to speak but ourselves; great Talkers only surprize the Vulgar, and the Ignorant are admir'd by none but Fools. Their Noise and Frothiness imposes on no sensible Person. If the Sots, that distinguish not false Merit from true, are dazzled by them, 'tis only because they are Sots, and 'tis no wonder that such should be deceiv'd. I could wish all Persons of Merit were of *Elvira's* Character and Humour:

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Humour: No body speaks less in Conversation, when she is not press'd to it; no body speaks juster, or more charmingly, when the Discourse is directed to her. She affects not to be mysterious or shy, giving her Opinion on all sorts of Questions propos'd, be they never so frivolous; but she expresses no Eagerness to display her Knowledge when the Discourse turns on sublimer Subjects. She has a wonderful Faculty to level herself with the People she converses with, and to bring down her Wit, tho' so noble and exalted, to an equal Size with that of others, who always depart satisfied from her Company because they are pleas'd with themselves, and she has given them Opportunities to unfold and display their little Talents.

If a Woman, now antiquated, and no longer attractive by her Charms, was not so outrageous against those that take her Place; if she had a little more Indulgence for the Infirmities of her Sex, and did not express such a bitter Zeal when others give themselves some Liberties, we should forget, perhaps, the Disorders of her Youth, and be obliged to her for her Demureness. But her Spleen is only owing to the Loss of her Beauty; she is vex'd to the Heart to find herself so desperately forlorn and deserted, whilst the Young shine and are ador'd, and do precisely the same Things she did when young, yet which now she censures so severely.

'Tis commonly seen, that those who have the least *Complaisance* for others, have yet a great deal for themselves; but the way to lead a quiet and pleasant Life, is, mutually to pardon each

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each other. Such as cavil against every thing, neither give themselves nor others Quiet.

The Spirit of Contradiction is, perhaps, one of the Things that most incommodes Conversation; we find People of Character to take an ill-natur'd Satisfaction in approving nothing, all Things are disgustful and insipid to them. You no sooner open your Advice, but they exclaim against it, purely to be of a contrary Opinion, without examining whether it be reasonable, or not. 'Tis not for Information that they alledge a Multitude of Arguments true or false, but they would have their Advice taken, be it never so extravagant.

When a thing is generally lik'd, 'tis a shrewd Sign that 'tis good, and, it would be strange Presumption to go to oppose the Torrent, and prefer one's particular Judgment to the Suffrage. Nevertheless, we find but too many People of so capricious a Taste as to endeavour to disparage what all the World commends. Whether this contradictory Spirit proceeds from a large Fund of Ill-nature, a sordid Jealousy, or the Glory suppos'd to redound from the impugning another's Opinion, 'tis certain, generally speaking, these Singularities bespeak an indifferent Genius, that tries to raise its own Merit, by the Depression of another Man's; or else the want of *Complaisance*, which makes it delicious to confront the universal Opinion. Persons of this Temper pretend to an exquisite Niceness in departing out of the common Road; but 'tis, however, a Symptom of their bad Judgment. If you would have *Marillus*
give

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give you clearly and unambiguously his Opinion of the Case you propose, let him know such and such have given theirs thus and thus; for that would be the ready way to put him on the Reverse of that Advice. He knows the Persons you speak of are Men of great Understanding and Experience, but that's still a Reason to determine him to oppose their Opinions, to give himself an Air of Superiority. Make him distinctly understand he is the first you consulted, and that you'll stand to his Decisions, and you'll be sure to charm him by this Deference: He will impart his Counsel with great Solidity, and give you a thousand Overtures and Expedients, to bring your Business to a happy Conclusion.

Most Men have so good an Opinion of themselves, as to think they are capable of directing their own Conduct without any other's Assistance or Advice; but the Misfortune is, when they have made any false Steps, they have all the Difficulty in the World to retrieve themselves, because they would never own their Blunders. The Counsel intelligent People give them for their Redress, instead of setting them right, makes them but more obstinate in the wrong; they fancy they should in some sort degrade themselves, if they did honestly acknowledge their Mistakes, or own they were capable of saying or doing any thing amiss.

'Tis great Advantage to have an exquisite and refin'd Taste, but whoever pretends to set up for judging, should purge himself of a conceited Delicacy, which makes every thing dislike'd:

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lik'd: Neither would he discover his Sentiments to Persons concern'd, when they are not advantageous, however solicitous they may appear to know his Thoughts of them. You often lose their Friendship, by your *Complaisance* in talking with them too sincerely and freely.

We ought not to carry a cloudy melancholy Face into Companies we are oblig'd to go into, nor an Humour incompatible with others Desires and Pleasures; in civil Society Gravity and Gaiety should be combin'd, because we seek Company to refresh and unbend our Minds, when fatigu'd with Cares and Business. 'Tis a miserable Punishment to fall into the Hands of some sorts of People, of a peculiar Make, whose dismal and austere Humour poisons the Pleasure of Society; they having no *Complaisance* for any body, nor any Regard to any thing but themselves; a People that live only for their own Satisfaction, loving no body, nor belov'd by none. Expect not any the least *Complaisance* from such Persons, especially where their Interest is concern'd; they value not being despis'd, or disgrac'd, provided they may but find their Account in it.

It signifies little to have Merit without the Art of pleasing, at least Merit without that will not have its entire Effect; thousands of People, even with admirable Qualities, have become tiresome and impertinent, and their Company has prov'd ungrateful to all Mankind.

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'Tis much the same as with those Faces whose Features are good, but not taking; yet we know not the Reason why: Their Conjunction some way or other ruins the Proportion that must necessarily go towards the forming a regular Beauty.

Most People enviously behold the Merit and good Fortune of their Neighbours; as therefore we must expect ill Treatment, disobliging Discourse, and all manner of bad Offices from them, we ought so to precaution ourselves against it, as to let nothing escape us unbecoming the Character of an honest Man. 'Tis not difficult to be *polite* and *complaisant*, when all the World applauds, flatters, and caresses you; the Difficulty lies in being so when you are disoblig'd, affronted, and ill serv'd: If you are impertinently blam'd, a modest Justification will become you, without expressing any Disturbance, Indignation, or Passion; but if Justice be not done you when your Reasons are heard, make not such a Noise of it as shall throw you off your Character; wait patiently for People to be undeceiv'd, and think not by a high Hand to bring the World to Reason, and over to your Side. This Maxim, I confess, is difficult to practise, but the Moderation a Man shows in such nice Conjectures, will give a great Lustre to his Merit.

The little *Complaisance* Men have for one another, proceeds from the want of a due Esteem; a Man forces *Complaisance* for those

he

he desires to please, but he cares not for pleasing a Person he disrespects, and treats at Arm's Length, and in Defiance.

Take heed of ill treating a Man that has had any ill Success, or miscarried in an important Affair; say nothing harsh to him in those dolorous Moments: The least disobliging Word would open all his Wounds afresh. A Man grows more sensible and tender, in Proportion to his growing miserable. When all Things smile upon us, and we have no Cause of Discontent, we are less vulnerable by Affronts and disrespectful Behaviour; the Joy of our good Fortune agreeably taking up our Thoughts, and preventing the ill Effect: But when we are unfortunate, and have our Minds full of the Idea of some fresh Disaster, Reproaches are intolerably grating; they fire our Blood, and whet our Indignation against those that observe no Measures, at a time we have Occasion to be softly handled.

Before you vex yourself, *Noesius*, at a suppos'd Affront, examine well the Disposition of the Person you complain of; a random Word, let fly without Aim or Design, puts you in a Fury, and you consider not whether it proceeded from *prepenſe Malice* and cool Blood. The Man you flame so violently against, had no Intention to disturb you, and yet you are become his implacable Enemy. You seek all Means to ruin him; you bring all the World upon his Back; Stratagems, Slanders, Calumnies, all Engines are play'd in

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the reeking of your Revenge. His Submission, Protections, all he can offer, can't pacify your Rage; and one would think from your Cruelty and Inhumanity, you had always liv'd among Savages, and had nothing of a Man in you but the Form. You have no Regard to the Remonstrances or Character of those that would reconcile you; you think, perhaps, this Outrage is a Sign of your Constancy and Courage, but, let me tell you, it makes the World consider you as a Churl.

Is it to give themselves Airs of Distinction that some People make it their Business to find Fault with every thing? There's no Beauty so perfect, nor Work so compleat, as to escape Criticks; they fancy, perhaps, by this rigorous Censure, to pass for Persons of an exquisite Taste, and profound Penetration, whilst this Squeamishness makes them despicable to worthy Men, who look upon them as invidious, dainty, or prepossess'd with their own Merit. We question not, *Meridor*, but you have a great deal of Wit; but if you would sometimes have the *Complaisance* to approve what deserves your Approbation, you would be more esteem'd, and not expose yourself, as you do so often, to severe Curses and Invectives. *Melissa* thought herself an accomplish'd Beauty, yet you give out every where she has too large a Nose, and one Eye not so big as the other: These little Irregularities were pass'd over, but you talk of them as a considerable Deformity, for which she'll never forgive you.

You

You have, by your critical Niceties, dispos-
fess'd *Morin* of his usurp'd Reputation of a
Wit; you have never the *Complaisance* to give
him the least Respect for all the Poetry he so
emphatically recites to you; but, on the con-
trary, hear his Verses with such a Chilness and
Indifference, as denotes your Disregard for
them. Do you think an enrag'd Poet, in so
nice a Matter, will handle you respectfully in
Return; and do you fancy you can shelter your
self from his satirical Epigrams?

'Tis an over-acted Delicacy, to express *Com-
plaisance* to a sort of boorish and clownish
People, who are too dull to be touch'd with
any thing, and not to be mov'd either by Ca-
resses or Affronts. 'Tis not on the Score of
Virtue that they are so stoical and insensible,
but rather from a stupid Indolence, that makes
both Civilities and Injuries thrown away upon
them.

That rigid Sincerity which gives no Quar-
ter, is sufficiently banish'd Conversation; we
transgress through an Excess of *Complaisance*,
chusing rather to contradict our Knowledge,
than speak ingenuous Truth. The Custom of
Flattery seems a Trade, or, to say better, a
Tribute we give, to be repaid in the same
Coin; 'tis difficult to distinguish when Com-
mendation is sincere, and when *ironical*: Our
Prejudice for our personal Merit makes us
think the Praises bestow'd in pure *Complai-
sance*, to be due to us. To be undeceiv'd, let

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us fancy ourselves the Comedy that is acted. As we make Sport with others, on whom we lavish our Incense in pure Flattery, and against our Conscience, we sneer aside at the Person we loudly extol and commend with an Emphasis. By these counterband Praises we mean to excite the Compliments made to us in pure Favour, and without Desert. Is not this a pleasant sort of Game? Why are we so greedy after those insipid Flatteries that only wheedle and decoy us? Think never the better of yourself for the Praises *Melito* bestows on you; he does not believe a Word he says; all his little Politicks terminating in this View, to make himself commended in his Turn; and he is totally dash'd and disappointed, when you refuse him the Incense he so meanly delights in. If you'd stop his Mouth, and avoid the Persecution of his Compliments, you have no more to do, but to lay an *Embargo* on your Commendations.

Kindnesses and Praises proceed almost upon the same Foot; such as have the *Complaisance* to grant our Requests, do it commonly with Designs that have no other Aim than their own Interest: They would, at least, have every body know it, and are only beneficent out of Vanity. They have no sincere Desire to do us Good, to relieve a Friend in Necessity, or help him out of the Briars; they consider another's Misfortune as an Opportunity of signaling themselves, and establishing their Reputation. But he that is thus, as it were, sacrific'd to their Vanity, is but slightly affected with the
good

good Offices are done him, and hardly thinks himself oblig'd to make Acknowledgments.

Generally speaking, *Complaisance* suits with all sorts of People, in all Conditions and Circumstances whatever; mean time, there are some Subjects, where Severity should take place of *Complaisance*. A Woman, when attack'd and tempted to be seduc'd, ought to let go all Points of Civility and Behaviour; *Complaisance* on that Occasion would be ill-tim'd. If she uses Put-offs and Subterfuges, if she gives way to the Proposals made her, if she parleys and capitulates, she is lost: At this Juncture, Disdain, Sharpness, and an affrontive Pride, would be very becoming. Those that pretend to express Resentment, but do it in a languishing and affected way, and with a fictitious Air, and a studied Tone, embolden the Hopes, and heighten the Presumption of their Aggressors.





Of genteel and generous Behaviour.

THE most certain and infallible way to win the Esteem and Affection of Men, is, to delight in doing them Good, and to obviate their Necessities, provided it be done with a good Grace, and in an engaging and generous Manner; 'tis not sufficient to oblige People, but it must be done properly both in Time and Place: There's an Art in seasoning Benefits, but the greatest Difficulty is to give; and as Interest is the great Spring that moves Mankind, the usual way is, to keep them in Suspense with Hopes. That which is most to be fear'd, is, the forgetting our Dignity, and descending to mean and unworthy Actions, through certain Views of Interest. That which now-a-days goes for Greatness and Generosity of Soul, is nothing but a Traffick of pure Interest; you'll find no body care for or respect you any farther than you are serviceable to them, or they have Occasion for your Assistance. If you expect People should serve you assiduously, you must convince them you on
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your Part, are good for something ; and if you hope to receive good Offices at their Hands, you must give them to understand they run no Risque by obliging you.

When you have done for People all that Honour, Duty, and Decency require, you must expect to be frequently repaid with Ingratitude ; this is the Plan you are to propose : Those very Men that flatter and caress you while they have Occasion for you, will be weary of you when they have obtain'd their Ends : They never look you in the Face but with Reluctance, and they fancy they read in your Countenance the Reproaches their Ingratitude deserves.

'Tis a threadbare Custom to load People with barren Compliments, or Offers of Service, and pretend a Zeal and Earnestness when there's no Occasion for your Assistance, and the Business is at an End ; you affect Ignorance of the Matter, when the Danger is imminent and pressing, and you say nothing, nor make any Advance, for fear you should be taken at your Word : But when you are certain of the Success, and run no Hazard, you shew a wonderful Officiousness, which you have little Thanks for.

'Tis impossible to be always able to do effectual Services to our Friends, tho' we are never so much inclin'd ; because we are not always in Circumstances to assist them with real Courtesies ; but there's no Obstacle against testifying our Friendship, compassionating

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nating their Misfortunes, and making them sensible of our Concern for them. If you can't draw them out of the Mire, help them at least with your Advice, and let the Heart supply what's remaining to do them good: Try to lenify the Anguish of their Misfortunes, by the smoothest Touches of an obliging Hand. 'Tis an Addition to their Miseries to signify any Indifference for them.

If you'll do nothing for a Man you're much oblig'd to, you ought, however, not to declare against him when he's no longer your Friend; tho' the Correspondence be broken, you should always have Respect for the Friendship, which Difference of Time and Circumstance has extinguish'd. This is a Maxim transgress'd by many, who fall foul on their Friends upon a Rupture, and seem willing to justify their Disgust or Change by their ill Treatment and those everlasting Complaints they make of the bad Offices they have done them. 'Tis farther a great Baseness to abuse their Confidence, and publish their Secrets of Importance, to give them Uneasiness and Mortification.

Where are those People to be found that oblige you out of pure Generosity, and have only your Interest in View, without imputing to themselves the Services they do you? 'Tis not sufficient for their Vanity to enjoy the Pleasure of a good Action, and to have extricated their Friend from his Confusion; they are not satisfied, unless all the World be privy

to it. They make Proclamation of it in all Places, in Houses, in Churches, in the *Ruelles* and publick Places.

Yes, *Gerontes*, I know very well you oblig'd me highly; but 'tis not enough that I am affected with it, and have all the Gratitude you can desire. Why must you every where divulge the Kindnesses you've done me? Your Vanity makes known the ill Posture and Disorder of my Affairs, and you do me, by your Indiscretion, a greater Injury than all your good Offices can make Amends for.

Most of those that pretend to Liberality and Munificence, have at Bottom a secret and delicate Interest, though they would fain be thought generous, and in every thing give Marks of a disinterested Soul. Don't be deceiv'd with this Appearance; their Presents are a kind of Bait to hook in those that are more considerable: They think they have hereby a Right to importune you every Moment, and to demand essential Things for Trifles. They have always their Views in giving, and never open their Hand but where they expect to have it fill'd. People of this Character, whatever Face they set upon it, and however generous they seem, are covetous and self-interested at the Bottom.

You are not to expect from the generality of Men an unblemish'd Virtue, and pure and disinterested Services; nor is it more to be hop'd;

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hop'd, to keep up with them a long Acquaintance, without having frequent Causes of Complaint, and just Accusations against them. Their particular Actions sometimes contradict the general Principles they act by. This Inequality is the Result of an Infirmary in the Heart of Man, and a vicious Appendix of Humanity; but provided Virtue is the prevailing Principle, we ought not to despise the Man for forgetting himself on some Occasions, and consequently 'tis a Piece of great Injustice to cease to esteem him, because he relaxes never so little in his Kindness for us, or fails in a Trifle.

We sometimes offend People by doing them great Services, because we do them with an ill Grace, and a stern and imperious Air, which makes them too sensible of their Necessity and Dependance. It looks as if we took Pleasure and Delight in brow-beating such as expect Assistance from us. What Trouble would it be to us to let them see, in a smooth and obliging Countenance, that 'tis a Satisfaction to us to grant what they desire? Why should we lose the Merit of a good Action, by a haughty and discouraging Manner of doing it? *Gerion* hardly ever refuses the good Offices are ask'd of him, nay, serves People with Zeal and Warmth enough; yet, in reality, he sells at a dear Rate the Services he does: He humbles them with terrible Rebuffs, and such haughty Insults as are very ungrateful to those that want his Interest: He makes them

bite

bite long upon the Bridle, before he stoops to their Intrigues. But at length, after all these Formalities, if you are not discountenanc'd by his Whims, he embarks Might and Main in your Interest, and spares neither Pains nor Charge to expedite the Business you have recommended to him.

'Tis a common Complaint, that we are not serv'd with sufficient Alacrity and Vigour; Self-love magnifies the Idea of our Necessities, and lessens that of the Assistance which is given us; whereas we ought to be thankful for Services done us, without complaining of those that are not done; and we are by no Means to persuade ourselves that People are oblig'd to have more Ardour than they express for our Interests.

Is it to be thought a Man of Business and Importance, that *Gerion* tells you he is so overwhelm'd with Affairs, that he has not Time to live and breathe? He actually believes what he tells you, and yet he spends all his Days in ranking and posturing his Books, which he never reads, and cleansing the Dust from his Furniture: Propose a Pleasure-Match, and he looks on you with a deriding Smile, expressing great Pity for those that waste their Time on Trifles. *Gerion* is exactly the Original of the Picture the Poet gives us,

Tho' without Business, yet in full Employ.

The

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The Unfortunate are not to look for Generosity from their Friends; ill Fortune is a sort of Contagion that keeps all at a Distance: 'Tis in vain to press them, and make Advances to draw them into your Interest; they have fix'd their Resolutions, and all your Submissions will not prevail with them to break them. Instead of re-kindling their Zeal, you redouble their Animosities by your Eagerness, which they consider as a troublesome Importunity: No body in *London* had more Friends than *Sylvarius*; they thought it an Honour to be of his Acquaintance; they visited him assiduously, and with Pleasure: 'Tis true, he has a great deal of Wit, and all the Charms can be desir'd in a worthy Man; yet, upon a kind of Disgrace that has happen'd to him, all these officious Friends of his have scandalously abandon'd him, and hardly seem to know either his Person or Name. 'Tis much if they restrain themselves from ill Offices, and abusive Treatment. In all this Croud of disguis'd Friendship, one only stuck by him, who is, however, equal to all the rest, for the Zeal he expresses, and substantial Services he does, with a Constancy hardly to be parallel'd in so politick and corrupt an Age as this is.

What a noble and elevated Soul must a Man have, not to desert his Friends when Fortune has forsaken them! The Friendship and Aversion of most Men is measur'd by no other Rule than that of Interest; this is the first

first Spring that puts all their Wheels in Motion, and attracts their good Liking or Contempt. If they find you capable of serving them, they'll carry their Complaisance and Respect even to Adulation; but if they consider you as an unuseful Person, you must think it well if you come off with Rudeness, and without ill Turns.

'Tis difficult to avoid Envy in Competition for the same Employes; Men naturally love themselves better than their Neighbours, therefore they feel a secret Indignation if they see an Office or Estate fall into another's Hands, which they would gladly have themselves. This is a natural Notion, but to envy others Preferments, not within our Sphere, is such an odd Business, as one would think there was no Example of: To do this, is as ridiculous as it was in that Colonel who envied one of his Friends the great Bishoprick the King had given him; or in that Abbot who fell into the Spleen because a Person of his Acquaintance was made Lieutenant-General in the Army.

We judge of others Merit, rather by their Affections than Understanding, having different Notions of it, upon doing us a Discourtesy, from what we had upon their doing us a Kindness: In the mean time, this Circumstance does not alter their personal Qualities. We discover Sense and Judgment in them, when they are studious to observe our Excellencies, and obliging to excuse our Imperfections;

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fections, and set them in such a Light as removes them out of Sight.

We seldom do Justice to ourselves, and rarely to other Men; the extreme Fondness we have for our own Persons, makes us impute all Things to ourselves: If the Question be about a Reconciliation, our Self-esteem magnifies the Injury, and lessens the Desert of the Satisfaction that are offer'd. We are vex'd to find the Excuses good, and taste a secret Pleasure in hearing the Persons we don't love abused; their Elevation gives us painful Reflexions, when we see them rais'd above us by their personal Merit, or Fortune.

'Tis a high Flight of Generosity in a Man, to venture to commend the extraordinary Talents of another, when he believes himself to excel in them; 'tis rare to hear a Poet praise fine Verses he was not the Author of. A handsome Woman mentions another's Beauty either with Reserve or Envy, never setting it off with due Expressions, to heighten the Idea of it. Soldiers commonly have more Justice for each other, for they will take Delight in recounting one another's noble Actions, whereof they were only Spectators.

A Man of any admirable Accomplishment, or excelling Quality, ought not to express a Greediness of Applause, nor a Contempt for the Fools that don't do him Justice; 'tis a wretched Punishment to shew one's Abilities before senseless stupid People, that judge preposterously, that perceive not the Beauty of a
Piece,

Piece; nor distinguish the flat and indifferent Part from the excellent and sublime. But 'tis not, however, the Author's Business to expose the ill Judgments they make on his Performance.

If a Man could prevail so far with himself, as not to ridicule People for their ill Successes, it would be a very estimable Virtue; but this is rarely to be met with, the World is so very censorious and ill-natur'd. I could heartily wish People had a little more of the Reserve of that brave Man, who, upon reading an obscure Book, not without its Beauties, said, *What he understood in it, he thought admirably fine, and doubted not but what he did not understand, was of the like Goodness.* How amiable and generous was such a Carriage, and how sweet would the Commerce of human Life be, if all Men form'd their Conduct upon this Model!

A Man may conquer his Animosity that is founded on a real Cause; he may forgive through Generosity and Greatness of Soul, if he positively knows upon what his Complaints are grounded: But when the Quarrel has no Foundation, 'tis more durable, because Reason knows not how to correct what it can't comprehend. Perhaps 'tis on this Score we find it harder to appease the Squabbles of Women, whose Quarrels have commonly the most trivial and chimerical Occasions; their Pride or Conceitedness will not suffer them to own they are in Fault, so they persist obstinately in their

their Notions, which makes their Hatred so lasting; and if their flattering or interested Friends persuade them never so little that their Resentments are just, 'tis Odds but they are never cur'd of them.

'Tis not always the best Method to wed People to our Interest, by loading them with Benefits; they are assiduous and zealous so long as they are in Hopes, but so soon as ever they have obtain'd their Desires, their Ardour cools: Promises put the Wheels in Motion, but Presents are a Clog to them; whereas the Course should be just contrary: Gratitude should redouble our Fervour, and give an additional Zeal to our Benefactors, who were so generous and obliging as to declare for us in such Instances as wanted their Assistance.

Great Benefactions are sometimes instrumental to Ingratitude, and disengage the Client from his Patron, instead of retaining him in his Interest: These sort of People are only ungrateful because they have been overmuch oblig'd, and they are willing, at any Rate, to cast off so troublesome a Burden. *Bonfoy* ingenuously confesses the Sight of *Martel* makes him tremble, and yet it was he that put him into a considerable Post, in which he has got a great Estate, and maintain'd him against the Faction of Court Favourites, who design'd to disgrace and reduce him to his primitive Condition.

A Man

A Man takes great Delight in obliging Persons of Honour and Gratitude, but it requires a vastly great and generous Soul, to do Good to People of known Ingratitude, and which one already has had the Proof of. Acknowledgment is a kind of Tribute due to the good Offices we receive, provided they come not from an Enemy: For such Favours, instead of affecting us, ought ever to be suspected.

Ill-natur'd People are never won by Benefits, resembling certain wild Beasts, which we endeavour to tame by caressing them, whose Paws are nevertheless always to be treaded, and who sometimes tear those that feed them. Whatever a generous and zealous Friend was capable of undertaking for a Person dear to him, *Lysander* has done for *Maricour*; he lent him great Sums of Money, to rescue him from the Tyranny of his Creditors: He gave him the Opportunity of shewing himself, and purchasing a fine Post, of considerable Income, which furnishes him with Ease and Plenty. *Maricour*, notwithstanding, has betray'd this Benefactor of his, by basely cheating him of the Money he borrow'd, and unjustly accusing him of an Affair that has irreparably wounded his Reputation.

Good Fortune is the frequent Occasion of Ingratitude; a Man pretends not to know People that have seen him in unhappy Circumstances, or help'd him out of them: He
even

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even sometimes hates the very Persons that have done him important Services, keeping them at a Distance, to be rid of the Obligation of an Acknowledgment. An infallible Argument of *Olimpia's* wondrous Merit, is, that in her great Exaltation she protects those that visited her in a less happy State, and shew'd their Friendship at a Time when her Riches were unequal to her admirable Qualities.

We easily forget past Services, and seldom constrain ourselves to make our Court to those that are no longer capable of doing us any; 'tis Hope alone that keeps us in Heart, and devotes us to those whose Credit or Fortune may be of any use to us.

Ingratitude is so base and scandalous a Vice, that, to punish it, we need only abandon the Ungrateful to their own Malignity, without troubling ourselves about any other Revenge: With whatever Colours we palliate Ingratitude, whatever Daubings we use to blot out so infamous a Stain, 'tis impossible to justify it to rational People. *We have been oblig'd; and we ought to be grateful*, is a Rule without Exception.

The Reason of the World's abounding with Ingratitude, is, the giving with an ill Grace; nothing captivates the Heart so much, as a Present obligingly made, and, on the contrary, nothing is so disgustful, as a Favour granted in a snarling way. No wonder, then, we
some-

sometimes disoblige People by gratifying their Desires.

'Tis ridiculous to insult a Man with a Benefit, or mention it too often; and 'tis a wretched Persecution to be told continually of the Services we have done us: These Repetitions turn one's Stomach, and provoke our Aversion to the Authors of such Discourses, which are look'd upon as Abuses and Reproaches.

Every body is full of Complaints against the Ungrateful, and Ingratitude, but few apply themselves to the Cure of so odious a Vice; 'tis easy to forget the Obligation of a Benefit: The Hopes of receiving new Favours, dispose to Ingratitude, when those Hopes are frustrated. We have the finest Thoughts imaginable on the Receipt of a Bounty, but at last our natural Bias prevails, and we feel a strange Fund of Indifference for our Benefactors, nay, are ungrateful in our Returns for important Services; the least Fault they are guilty of, in relation to us, turns the Scale, and bears it down to Ingratitude.

One of the most common, as well as most fatal Effects of Ingratitude, is, the exciting the Hatred and Indignation of our Patrons; their mistaken Choice disturbs and enrages them, and they omit nothing to revenge themselves on the Persons that have abus'd their Kindnesses.

Men who are naturally self-interested, proportion their Gratitude to the Services they expect;

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expect; but there's no greater Demonstration of what little Stress there is to be laid on their Affection, than the Indifference they express for those they formerly ador'd, when they cease to be useful, and Fortune, good or bad, has chang'd the Situation of their Affairs.

We ought not to carry our Reflexions home to ourselves, in the Things our Friends desire of us; we should endeavour to please and serve them to their Minds, without even thinking of their Acknowledgments: A rational Soul is well enough paid, by the Pleasure it receives in obliging a belov'd Person, who is well deserving of our Zeal.

Our Flatteries or Contempt never keep a mean, with respect to Men in Place; whilst they are upheld by Fortune, we prostitute our Praises, and carry our Devotions even to Adoration; but no sooner do they begin to decline and become verging towards Disgrace, but all the World abandons them, rends their Reputation without Mercy, and fails not to impute the Cause of their Misery to their ill Conduct.

Frequent Instances hereof are to be met with in the Courts of Princes; 'tis certain, this is a sort of enchanted Ground, where a Man is not secure of maintaining his Post, with never so great Talents, vast Merit, or essential Services. The Lustre of great Virtues dazzles the jealous Eyes of ambitious People, who can't

can't bear being outshin'd, nor pardon an imfortunate Desert. This puts them upon playing all sorts of Engines, and recurring to the most sordid and infamous Means, to worm them out of their Places, that they themselves may skrew into them.

'Tis a rare thing to see People so disinterested as not to warp with the Bent of their Inclination, when Occasion shall offer; their Virtue is not so perfect as to be Proof against the Temptation of Gain, tho' not to be come at, but by suspected Means, and Ways indirect. If, in Play, they can use Legerdemain, they neglect not the Advantage. In Dealings we may have with them, they commonly use Artifice and Tricking to secure their own Stakes, without troubling themselves how others shall get off.

Have no Conversation with People delighting in Satire and Raillery, neither expect any Kindnesses from them after many Years Friendship, whatever Occasions you may have for their Assistance; if you make any false Steps, they'll be sure to laugh at you the first, and turn you into Ridicule. These People resemble some sorts of wild Beasts, whom there's no Possibility of taming, but they'll still return to their savage Natures, and claw their Keepers.

People often think they act upon generous and disinterested Motives, whilst the Ferment of some Passion intermingles, and destroys the Merit of a seeming virtuous Action; 'tis not
always

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always from a true Zeal we exclaim against the Conduct of Persons that furnish us an Handle for Reproach. 'Tis Envy that opens our Mouths against the Luxury of State-Ministers, their lofty Houses, rich Furniture, gilt Coaches, and magnificent Entertainments, or against the Credit and Power of Favourites: A Woman that censures another whose Conduct is attack'd, is seldom concern'd for her Reformation, but out of a more ticklish Interest, or a secret Jealousy of her Beauty, endeavours to ruin her, as she thinks, dangerous Rival.

Men, alter their Politicks according to the different Turn People's Affairs take to whom they are devoted; generally speaking, we may venture to say, that grateful People are Persons of true Sense, and worthy of the Favours they receive: It commonly happens, that Men least deserving Benefits are the most ungrateful, and think themselves never sufficiently requited. Because *Frontin* has done *Lysson* some Service, who has nevertheless got him a Place of a thousand Pounds a Year by his Interest, he complains he is hardly us'd, and really thinks his Pains but ill-recompenc'd. 'Tis likely he would still complain, if *Lysson* should quit his own Estate and Preferment to him.

Gratitude should have something free in it, and nothing forc'd or constrain'd: When a Man is only thankful out of a kind of Duty, and repays good Offices purely because he has receiv'd them, he always discharges them with

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an awkward Grace. It requires a great Stock of Generosity and Honour to be glad to see People we are extremely oblig'd to; the Ungrateful are always under Constraint in the Company of those that have loaded them with Benefits.

People that have vast Notions of their own Merit, are commonly ungrateful, because they think every thing their Due, that they are above taking Notice of any body, and that the least Advances, on their Part, are a competent Discharge for the greatest Services People have done them. They compare themselves with the Persons they are oblig'd to, and finding so great a Disproportion, they are not in the least affected with the most essential Kindnesses. *Lucilia* pretends, because she is handsome, that she merits the noblest Sacrifices, and that the bare Pleasure of seeing her is sufficient Recompence for all that's done for her: This is her peculiar Frenzy. She scarce vouchsafes to thank those Friends that have mov'd every Stone to serve her, and when she does it, 'tis with so unconcern'd a Look, and languishing a Tone, as makes it manifest she has little or no Acknowledgment in her.

There's very little Difference betwixt the Morals of Women of this Age, and those of honest Heathens; they acknowledge no other Laws than those of their Pleasure, and refer all Things to this Point: Being entirely taken up with the Thoughts of pleasing, they have no other Care than to make their Days roll

on pleasantly, whilst essential Duties make but a weak Impression on them. We sometimes hear Women of this Character declare, they have no Mind to be canoniz'd, and that when they are upon the Declension, they'll think of growing grave, like others, who politickly make that Choice, when they have spent all their best Years in Mirth, Jollity, and Pleasure.

Conceited and presumptive People are naturally exceptionous; there must be no Omission in the *Devoirs* that are paid them; the least Irregularity offends them, and expunges the Remembrance of all past Benefits: When you have done all that is possible to satisfy them, if you fail in the least Circumstance, they reckon all the rest as nothing, and think this little Negligence acquits them from all manner of Obligations.

Don't hope to have always Justice done you, but content yourself with the Glory and Reputation that are due to your good Actions; don't be discourag'd, nor give way to your Indignation, tho' Men make but ill Returns to your Obligations: Our Duty is always to be done, without depending on the Acknowledgments of the World. What Glory has not *Paulinus* acquir'd by his heroical Proceedings on the Behalf of *Fraucion*? He disengag'd him from an unhappy Affair, by his Interest and his Money; the Wretch, instead of being touch'd with it, declar'd himself against *Paulinus*, and did all he could to provoke him.

His

Of genteel Behaviour. 171

His Magottry or Destiny plung'd him into fresh Confusions, and he found himself necessitated to make new Applications to his abus'd Friend. But *Paulinus* forgetting his Ingratitude and ill Turns attempted against him, serv'd him with the same Zeal and Vigour, as if he had been the gratefullest Person alive. How glorious was this Conduct! how sublime this Virtue! but of how rare, and almost inimitable a Practice!

'Tis commonly a mistaken Piece of State, to refuse the Presents of our Friends; 'tis sometimes likewise the Apprehension of being obliged to Acknowledgments and reciprocal Returns, or else the Disesteem of the Things they offer: In all Cases 'tis a bad Acknowledgment of their kind Intentions. These disdainful and disobliging Ways justly exasperate them, and infallibly cool the Fervour of their Friendship.

Most Men have a wondrous Faculty at Insinuation to gain their Point; they lead you with Civilities, and Protestations of eternal Services; but when they have no farther Hopes, they instantly forget both the Benefit and the Benefactor; nay, 'tis much if they forbear to do ill Offices to their Patrons, or at least to complain of them.

'Tis an ill-contriv'd Generosity to plunge one's self into Debt, to appear magnificent; all Excess is vicious and blameable, and we can't forbear censuring their Conduct, who impertinently squander away their Money, and labour

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labour to make a Figure at their Creditors Expence: But yet their ridiculous Dotage is more to be condemn'd, who, abounding in Wealth, deny themselves the Satisfaction of enjoying it, as if they were Farmers to their own Heirs. Avarice is the most miserable of Passions, and we can have no other Notion of the Covetous, than of People under a divine Malediction: They refuse themselves Necessaries, to leave others wherewithal to live in Splendor. One would think they consider'd their Estates, as if they did not belong to them, so fearful are they of using them; they daily make new Acquisitions, and multiply their Bags of Gold and Silver, which, to them, are but as a Heap of Flints or Hobnails, since they make no use of them. They suffer all the Inconveniencies of Poverty, to have the whimsical Satisfaction of possessing immense Riches. What a Madness is this! Every body knows that *Harpagon*, by marrying, had two thousand Pounds a Year; he chose a Wife out of the Lees of the People, whose Father had made his Fortune; 'tis twenty Years since he married, and has sav'd almost all his Revenue ever since: Scarce has he Valets to serve him. He liv'd in a very convenient House, which he has now sold, to take another of less Rent, more streight and incommodious. He loves the Country, where he had a pretty Estate, in a very pleasant and healthy Situation; he has parted with it for ready Money, which he rolls in. *Harpagon* lives like another *Timon*,

or

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or filthy Cynick in his Tub, to have his Coffers stuffed with Crown Pieces when he dies. Here's a fine Expedient!

If those who can't prevail with themselves to be genteel and generous, could at least abstain from scoundrel and sordid Ways, and from living in Grease and Nastiness, we should have some Indulgence for them, and pity them for the Malignity of their Stars and Constitution.

'Tis a Custom much in Practice to ridicule a Man that commits a Fault, and to augment his Confusion by Reproaches; the most moderate affect malicious Smiles, that are as provoking as keen Reflexions: All this proceeds from a secret Pride, because we are glad to see others guilty of such Things as place them beneath us, and destroy their Reputation with the World.



*Of Sincerity.*

THE Knowledge of the Heart of Man is not attainable but by long Experience, and much Reflexion; Men are so ingenious at disguising themselves, and so industrious at concealing their Thoughts, that it's impossible to penetrate into their true Intentions: They most commonly act by Freak and Caprice; what pleases them to Day, disgusts them to Morrow; and a Man had need be very politick to find out what they like, and very pliant to comply with them. Most Men are unintelligible, they talk and act directly contrary to their Meaning: You must always interpret their Discourse by the Rule of Contraries, since their Hearts and Mouths keep no Intelligence betwixt them. They have neither good Faith nor Sincerity, are always mask'd, and have nothing natural; such People are the Bane of civil Society, against whom you must always be on your Guard, if you would not be deceiv'd.

Looks and Grimaces contribute nothing towards solid Virtue; 'tis not sufficient to appear

pear an honest Man, unless you effectually are so. But the way is, to put on the Outside and Livery of Virtue, without being concern'd for the Substance and Reality; nay, what is very strange, People commonly take more Pains to disguise themselves, and deceive the World, than it would cost them to acquire those fine Qualities that produce a substantial Merit.

'Tis a very common Custom to flatter the Persons we respect, and applaud all they say and do; but *Sincerity* suffers by such Practices, and is not consistent with an endless Fawning and Adulation. We should neither indulge ourselves in censuring with too much Freedom and Presumption; for if nothing be more pernicious than a rank or envenom'd Flattery, nothing is more pestering and troublesome than a blunt *Sincerity*, that says every thing without Caution or Regard.

According to the present State and Situation of our Morals, there is but small Hopes of reviving the *Sincerity* so cherish'd by our Ancestors, which was, as it were, the very Soul of their Conversations. All now consists in vain Compliments, Artifice, and Tricking; to discover the real Sentiments of Men, you must give their Words the exact contrary Meaning: So perfect is their Knack and Custom of Dissembling, that they use Disguises even in the least Trifles. Such Maxims are very repugnant to the Character of an honest Man.

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'Tis great Folly, as well as Cowardice, to speak against one's Conscience to please those People we mean to cultivate and draw into our Interests; a Man of Honour ought never to counterfeit, deceive, or lie, neither should he divest himself of his own Sentiments to put on borrow'd Notions, when they are unreasonable. He should not be obstinately stiff and affrontive in indifferent Things, where a little more Complaissance would unite People to his Interests. How often have Men miscarried in their Affairs by a mis-tim'd *Sincerity*, which only serves to sowre and exasperate People's Minds against them? The Politicians, who have no *summum Bonum* but their Interests, and prefer the *Utile* before the *Honestum*, say, There's no Security in the World without Hypocrisy, and that a Man must certainly be ruin'd that can't dissemble. They are but ill Managers, say they, that stand upon a rigorous and inflexible *Sincerity*; we ought to care for the People we hate, and design to destroy, and express Esteem and Respect where we have nothing but Contempt. If these Subterfuges and Disguises are absolutely necessary to make one's Fortune, the honest Man must bid farewell to it; and in this I can't but infinitely admire *Alcidor's* Character. He's plac'd in a nice Post, where he has a thousand People to cultivate, whom he depends upon: People crabbed and difficult, and, by the Situation of their Fortunes, grown peevish and unpracticable. Mean time, he has not the Dastardly servilely to flatter them, nor to applaud their frequent

quent Injustices and Extortions. He tells them plainly what he thinks, and proposes his Advice with so much Art, Insinuation, and Integrity, that they bear with him, and are forc'd to submit, in spite of the contrary Maxims suggested by their Profession.

A Man of Honour should make it a Law to himself never to speak what he does not think, and to avoid whatever is false and too concerted; if you would not deceive any body, why all these Subterfuges? Act and speak naturally, and rack not your Brain to puzzle yourself as you do: Artifices, Disguise, and naughty Politicks, get you but little Credit, and are the Signs of an ill Temper. If we banish *Sincerity*, we must renounce the World, for without it civil Society is a kind of Kidnapping; we try all Practices to abuse, gull, and surprize the People we converse with: A Man flatters and caresses you to your Face, whilst his Thoughts are quite contrary to his Words. He tells you, in your Misfortunes, that he is concern'd for your Misery, and that your Merit deserv'd a better Destiny; but as soon as your Back is turn'd, the same Person rails against you, and insults you, saying, Fortune has done Justice to your want of Merit, and that your irregular Conduct is the Cause of all your bad Successes. There's I know not what Cowardice and Baseness in this Treatment, and a Man that has any Notions of Honour can't be guilty of this fraudulent dealing. What do you mean, *Moricet*, by your barren Embraces? You load *Lisidor* with Caresses and Praises, and cry him

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up to the Stars, nay, put him in parallel with the sublimest Genius's; yet as soon as you leave him, you tell me he is a Simpleton and Enthusiast, that fancies himself a Wit, but has not common Sense. If you have not the Power to undeceive him, and open his Eyes, at least don't feed his Folly, by applauding his Extravagancies. You tell him, with an Air of Zeal, you are one of his Friends, and he believes you; you praise the publick Action he has done, and lull him asleep by your Praises, as by the Song of the *Syrens*. Your Flatteries possess him with a new Degree of Presumption, and give an additional Lustre to his *Ridicule*, which he'll never be cur'd of.

A Man of Integrity, with excellent Sense, is commonly made the Property of a crafty Knave of but indifferent Understanding, yet who has the Art to disguise himself, and boggles at no Baseness to come at his Ends. *Alcippus* is universally known to have a fine and nice Wit, with an exact Judgment, and has been trusted with Business of great Importance, which he has manag'd with admirable Skill; in the mean time, he has been trick'd by *Onufer*, who is but a Fool: Yet has his Eye intent upon his Interest, without any Regard to the Rules of Honour or Justice.

Wheedling and Decoying are Stains to civil Society, and the Signs of a weak Soul: How wretched are you to caress People you hate, and wish them a thousand Miles off you! It would be less dishonourable to let them under-stand

stand your true Sentiments; for hereby they would know what to trust to, and might precaution themselves against your ill Designs. There's no Prudence can be Proof against the Impostures of a Man that tells you, with a falacious Air, you may depend upon him; that he will always be ready to sacrifice himself for you; that his Fortune, Friends, and Interest, are all at your Service: If under this fine Shew there lurks a serpentine and double Mind, and out of some secret Resentment he is resolv'd to ruin you. How is it possible to mistrust such treacherous Pretences? How is it possible to avoid the Snares of one, that employs the very Characters of Friendship to deceive you? That makes pretended Confidences to steal your Secret from you, and promises you all kinds of Assistance at the time he is seeking the Means of your Destruction?

In our Promises to our Friends, we ought not to use Subterfuges, Equivocation, or mental Reservation; for by failing in *Sincerity* and our Words, we lose our Reputation. People generally promise hastily whatever is desir'd of them, without being sure they have either Power or Inclination to perform it. This Levity exposes them to the Contempt of those they thus abuse; when a Promise is made, it ought to be discharg'd as soon as may be, without making the Expectants languish; it's giving doubly, to give with a good Grace: It looks as if we repented of our Obligation, when we are backward to accomplish it. If you de-

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fire *Poliglot* to assist you in a Matter of Consequence, he promises you without any Hesitation; he likewise promises *Nicaise* and *Demys* in the same Manner. You return to his Lodgings, to enquire what Advances he has made in your Business; he has not so much as thought of you; he'll amuse you a long while; he'll regale you with Kisses and Embraces; but that's all the Recompence you must have for the Journies you make, and the Attendance you pay to him. Why should you, *Poliglot*, amuse People with barren Compliments, when you have neither the Desire nor Capacity to do them real Services?

There's a vast Difference between *Sincerity* and an itching Desire of talking, that makes us open ourselves to all sorts of People in indiscreet Confidences; *Sincerity* should have nothing rash or foolish in it: It does not oblige you to tell sillily all you know, or to expose your Inside to inquisitive Persons, that endeavour to sift you, and steal your Secrets. Maintain a resolute Reserve before People of this Character, who often abuse the Secret you impart to them; especially take great Care to avoid the Snares laid for you by certain Women that have Merit, and use a thousand Artifices to make you discover. The natural Weakness we are under with respect to that Sex, the Ambition to please a Woman we love, or to obtain what we desire, are all apt to expose us to the Commission of great Faults, and long Repentances.

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The confiding in a Woman he lov'd, has cost *Clarimon* his Liberty and Fortune: The deceitful Gipsy betray'd him, and divulg'd his Secrets, that were injurious to Persons of high Birth, who omitted nothing to be reveng'd on *Clarimon's* satirical Strokes, and affrontive Descriptions. A Man must be under great Solitude, that has intrusted Women with a very important Secret, as being neither Mistresses of their Hearts nor Tongues; To-day they are your Friends, To-morrow they'll rail bitterly at you; but yet, for all that, you can't withhold your Secrets from them, a Fault not incident to, nor pardonable in a wise Man.

Sincerity is, perhaps, one of the shortest Cuts to arrive at the Esteem of Men; 'tis better honestly to confess one's Infirmities, than to use so many Subterfuges in concealing them from the Publick, that knows well enough what it ought to believe: What Advantage to the Women, pretendedly virtuous, is that Artifice they employ to deceive the World? They have but little Thanks for all their Politicks; in publick they seem to be alarm'd, and take fire at a Word ever so little free; but in private they are more familiar and tame, and assume great Liberties.

Norine has long acted the Farce so artfully, as to pass for a modest Woman, tho' she was a Wanton in her Soul; by Misfortune she fell into the Hands of a Hare-brain'd Spark, who has betray'd her, and shewn her Letters to all that had the Curiosity to read them: Never

was

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was seen so much *Coquetry*, and so corrupt a Heart, under so compos'd a Countenance. What is not a Woman capable of, under the Influence of a violent Passion?

I can't conceive the Reason why Men should love so much to disguise themselves; they seem still to be upon the Stage; their Gestures, Words, and Motions of their Eyes and Gate, are all conceited. Do they think to please, by departing thus from Nature? A Man naturally melancholy and heavy, would act the agreeable and merry Part, but that Mirth and Diversion, which is the Result of so much Labour, is very flat and insipid. Another, on the contrary, naturally volatile and mercurial, affects a studied Gravity, that throws him off his Temper. They reason preposterously; they put on these borrow'd Airs to please, whereas they directly stifle all they may have pleasing in them, which can have no Effect, any farther than it follows Nature, which must never be forc'd; all that is extravagant, is disgustful to People of good Taste.

Sincerity sometimes passes for Rusticity and Rudeness; we see People of a fine and delicate Judgment, and a just Penetration, who, notwithstanding all their Knowledge, are the Cullies of Fools who have no *Sincerity*, and who apply all the little Wit they have to deceive those they converse with, who yet have no Suspicion of their Shams.

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We find People of a particular Country that have all the Difficulty in the World to speak their Thoughts; they have still some Ambiguity and Reserve in their Discourse, and give you the most frivolous Trifles under the Seal of Secrecy. There are a thousand Things we ought to trust to the Discretion of the People we converse with, and ought not to be made Mysteries; and it would be ridiculous to be shy of them to our Friends: From this Rule must be excepted, the Secrets that may be prejudicial to a third Person, for those are not to be mention'd to our Friends, and they can't take it ill if they come to understand they have not been trusted with them.

Whatever Merit a Man has, or Ascendant he supposes himself to have over others, he ought to submit to Reason, hearken to Persons of good Sense, to profit by their Advice, and recover from his Errors; he ought likewise to have the Uprightness and Sincerity, to lay open the State of his Affairs, without Disguise and Subterfuge. How can you expect they should speak justly to an Affair, when you hide from them the main End, and decisive Point? The Advices they give you, can only beat the Bush, and never tend to the Head of the Business you consult about.

There are People that place all their *Politeness* in paying Civilities to all Comers, without Distinction of Quality or Merit; they lure them on with frivolous Compliments, and indefinite Offers of Service, and for some
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Time impose on them by these Appearances. They are applied to, as long as there is any Hopes of Service, but they are despis'd at last, when the Vanity of their Promises appears by their frequent Disappointments. Is it not better ingenuously to confess to our Sollicitors that what they desire is beyond our Power, and that we are sorry we are incapable of granting their Requests? This plain Dealing is a Mortification to vain People, who are afraid of degrading themselves from the great Opinion the World has of their Interest; but it's much worse, when 'tis found by Experience how short and limited is the Tender.

We are under no Obligation to love all sorts of People, that being a Matter which requires both Choice and Judgment; but it's a base way of dealing to load People we don't love with barren Caresses, and to amuse them with Demonstrations of a false and delusory Friendship: They depend upon your Word, they rely on the Assistance you have promis'd, but you'll fail them in their Necessity, and they at last discover the Imposture of your Pretensions.

The Reason why there are so few sincere People in the World, is, that all Men love to be flatter'd; and Complaisance is a certain Means to gain their Friendship: 'Tis almost an infallible way to win them, to seem to applaud them, approve their Methods and Management, and to praise them pertinently, and in Season. The most severe are touch'd with a well-

well-manag'd Commendation; and they receive pure Flattery as a lawful Tribute, because they don't know themselves, but are misguided by the Prejudices of an imaginary Merit.

Persons of great Worth are often expos'd to the Slanders and Abuses of those that envy them, who calumniate them as much as possible, to ruin them; the indifferent Auditors approve by their Looks and Gesture the dishonourable Things they say, which is a cowardly and misplac'd Complaisance. A Man should have so much *Sincerity* and Generosity as to declare on the Side of an honest Man, wrongfully attack'd, and deserted by every body; and 'tis a shameful Piece of Cowardice to decry People out of Complaisance, and only make Court to Fools in Place, who declare against them.

There's nothing more dangerous in the Commerce of the World, than a Friend who talks *unsincerely*; we naturally mistrust an Enemy, and guard ourselves against his Stratagems and ill Designs: But we don't suspect one we fancy in our Interests, we govern ourselves by his Advice, and consequently are expos'd to false Measures in our Conduct, if he be so treacherous as to betray us.

'Tis a rare thing to have People correct their Faults; the Reason, if I mistake not, is, they don't consider them as such, and so are less affected with them, therefore are not at the Pains of seeking Remedies: But it's much worse, when they applaud and boast of certain Things

Things they ought to blush for. A Man practis'd in fraudulent Devices, and aiming to accomplish his Designs by ambiguous Means, does not think himself a Knave, but conceives his Cunning to be a lawful Industry. A gallanting Woman flatters herself 'tis allowable to make use of her Advantages, and display her Charms for Conquests, either to make her Fortune, or succeed in her intriguing Projects: People under this Disposition are far from correcting their Faults, in which they take a sort of Pleasure and Delight.

Women upon the Declension, endeavour by all kinds of Arts to repair and make up the Decays of Age, nay, fancy the Grimaces of a scrupulous Modesty will make Amends for the Loss of Merit and Beauty; others, who will not yet quit the Post of Handsomeness, entrench themselves within Dress, Finery, and the Lustre of their false Complexion, which they still buy of the honest Maker, to replaster (as well as may be) the Cracks and Flaws in their Beauty.

The Men are not extremely oblig'd to them for all these Pains they take for them; for what can be more disgustful and loathsome, than an old Woman daub'd and plaster'd, and who has fill'd up the Wrinkles of her Forehead with *Pomatum* and *Ceruse*?

Who could forbear laughing to see old *Emilia's* glaring Cheeks? Her Face resembles a Death's Head, painted white and red; and yet she thinks of pleasing, and will still see the World,

World, on which she doats now more than ever. How much to be pitied is this Dotage, in an Age so decrepit as *Emilia's*?

I think a Woman much to be pitied, who has not the Power to become staid and regular, after she has play'd a younger Part; when the Fire of her Eyes no longer sparkles, when her Charms are worn out, in fine, when she is forsaken of the World, she ought to quit it out of Policy. 'Tis a Shame for her, and a Triumph to the Young, to expose in all Companies the Ruins of a shatter'd Beauty. Let it be Choice or Necessity, it becomes a Woman to put on Sobriety when she's no longer palatable. 'Tis a wretched Character that of an antiquated Coquet, whose Passions are still as sprightly and vigorous as ever, though in a worn and decrepit Body.

Impositions are usually as fatal to Cheats, as to those that are cheated by them; all the Gain that commonly results from a Piece of Knavery, is, the Shame and Guilt of having acted a Part wholly unworthy the Character of an honest Man.

Of all Deceivers, there are none we can less ward against, than Impostors and Cheats in Matters of Religion; because the Mind being prejudic'd, consults not Reason, nor even gives itself time to practise any: People shut their Eyes so as not to perceive their manifest Disorders, and excuse their Violences and most unreasonable Extravagancies. 'Tis a religious and good Man, say they, that will be far from doing

ing any thing against his Conscience. They dive not to the Bottom of this Mystery of Iniquity, and so the Man is absolutely justified. If he happens to be engag'd in any troublesome Affair, then the whole Faction flies to his Rescue; 'tis an Affair (say they, without more ado) that God is concern'd in; 'tis doing him Service to engage in it, and all good People are oblig'd to take his Part, and, what is strange, Persons of this Character won't stick to decry all their Opponents with envenom'd Calumny and Slander.

A Man that puts on the Vizor of Religion, takes all Measures to persuade the World of his Devotion, affecting all the distinguishing Characters, the Ways, the Language, and Miens of Reformation, tho' at the Bottom he wants the Essentials, and has his Passions as restless and violent as any others can have: He has no other Aim, in his pretended Fondness for Virtue, than to establish his Reputation, and obtain his Ends. He would find no Relish in practising good Works, if he had not the Art to make the most of them: In a Corner of a *Papish* House you find an *Oratory*, with a Magazine of Relicks; but in the rest of the Apartments you meet with all the Marks of Heathen Vanity, sumptuous Furniture, and Pictures not very apt to inspire Devotion; the Conduct of these People is one perpetual Forgery, and there's no *Sincerity* in their Profession. But this Trade is very unprofitable, in vain they disguise themselves, they let slip now
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and then some Marks to know them by ; a Piece of Knavery nicely palliated, but discover'd in the End ; an Affair they have shuffled in, or an essential Injury done their Neighbour: All this opens a Prospect to the Bottom of their Hearts, and manifests their Unsincerity. 'Tis much the same as with Misers, who would sometimes counterfeit the magnificent Person, to wash off the Stains of their Avarice. In the Things they do for their Justification, they always leave some Strokes of their Character, which undeceive us. The religious Hypocrites always flatter themselves that they act their Parts so well, and so impose on the World, that no body can perceive their Sleight of Hand ; and as they have the Art of freightning or loosening the Ties of Conscience, they form to themselves Principles suitable to their Passions, and want no Pretences to excuse the grossest and blackest Crimes. All the Scandal they raise to ruin those they don't love, is Charity, they say, in discrediting Vice, and persecuting vicious People. If any one that is not their Friend, or in their Faction, has any eminent Quality that gives them Umbrage, immediately their pretended Zeal for the Glory of God suggests to them the breaking his Measures, and opposing him in all he says or does ; for they have no Inclination that any Good should be done, unless they or their Friends have all the Glory of it. Hence proceed those devout Factions, and offensive and defensive Leagues, to raise or sink the Reputation of whom they please,

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please, whilst no body dares complain of them, since all those fine Politicks and Subterfuges they use to disguise bad Intentions, skreen them from all Censure.

Without *Sincerity*, we find no Pleasure or Security in Conversation ; we ought not to use Double-dealings with our Friends, if we would long preserve them : Confidence is the Cement and Charm of Friendship, and we have no Reserve for a Friend we believe to have *Sincerity* and Discretion. We discover to him, without Scruple, our Designs and Infirmities, and hide nothing from his Privacy, because we depend on his Prudence and Fidelity ; but we ought to be more retentive with indifferent Persons, for 'tis acting against good Sense, and our own Interests, to go and give a History of all our Affairs to People we hardly know, and who are astonish'd at our Familiarity grown up in a Moment. 'Tis the weak Side of vain People, who are wonderful fond of publishing and producing themselves ; but they are very tiresome and fatiguing in imparting their mysterious Trifles.

Men at present make no Pretensions to *Sincerity*, nor trouble their Heads about the want of it, and indeed are too careless in that Particular ; instead of Honesty and *Sincerity*, we find nothing but Artifice, Disguises, and oftentimes Treachery in the Commerce of the World: We are amaz'd to find ourselves betray'd by People we entirely trusted, who declare against us on all Occasions wherein we have most need
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of their Assistance. These are Blows we never recover, for they leave mortal Wounds in our Souls; we seldom pardon this want of Fidelity, whatever Pretensions we may make: The Heart always retains a secret Bitterness, and if we ever make a false Step of this Nature, we must no longer reckon on the Benevolence of our Friends.

Those who seem so much afflicted with the Loss of their Relations, have commonly inward Sentiments very opposite to their outward Appearances; a good Wit among the Ancients has very well described People of this Character: *He (says that Person) who was resolv'd to expire upon the Tomb of his Wife, appears in a Banqueting-Hall; he plucks off his Hair, and crowns himself with Flowers: He makes a Shew of abhorring Life, and now he is seen to comb and adorn himself, nay, smile upon all the World with the same Eyes that appear'd before drown'd in Tears.* 'Tis certain we often see grand Comedians in this Particular. The Joy of the Inheritance extinguishes the Grief that was due to the deceas'd.

I have a lamentable Opinion of those machinal sort of People that always speak by Weight and Measure, and use a thousand Disguises to conceal their Sentiments; most of the Matters that enter into the Commerce of Life, don't deserve so great Precautions, and such mysterious Actings: We have a much better Opinion of those who would not seem more politick than the People they have to deal with.

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with. When you ask *Barrus* how he does, or what a Clock 'tis, he seeks Expressions to give you a precise Answer; so fearful he is any Word should escape him, from which you might draw Consequences to his Prejudice. In the Narrative he gives you of the most frivolous Matters, he is under so great a Torture and Constraint, as puts his Hearers in equal Pain, who would be glad to be deliver'd from his impertinent Secrets.

Few People apply themselves to get rid of their Faults, and plant real Virtues in the Room of them; contented with Appearances, they would have the Honour and Reputation of Virtue, without the Trouble and Merit of it, and are more careful to disguise their Vices and ill Qualities, than to cure them: Artifice, Disguise, and seeming Virtues, serve instead of real ones, and the most dextrous Impostors pass for the most meritorious Men, though, at the Bottom, they want the common Principles of Honesty. These People bear a great Resemblance to Comedians, who act several Characters in Masks, and change their Habits according to the different Parts they play. These are the Politicks of Knaves, whose whole Care and Contrivance is to disguise themselves, so as to dazzle weak People that believe them honest Men, though their Honesty be nothing but Grimace. How many People has *Darimon* seduc'd by delusive Appearances! The World would still question his being a Rogue, had he not made a
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Break that almost interested all *England* in it. People were so fully persuaded of his *Honesty* and *Sincerity*, and the good Condition of his Affairs, that they deposited great Sums in his Hands on his bare Word; but they quickly chang'd their Opinions, upon the Noise of his going off with their Money.

Women are more ingenious than Men, at disguising their Sentiments and Inclinations; many of them pass for modest, because they have the Art to put on an affected Gravity to conceal their little Correspondencies: The most politick amongst them often pass for Innocents; they seem to blush in publick for the Freedom of a Word, but in private they are not so scrupulous. They haughtily reprehend the most inconsiderable *Peccadillo's* in others, whilst their own Consciences give them smart Reproofs. They enjoy this false Reputation, till some glaring Adventure breaks forth, and betrays the Mysteries they have conceal'd with so much Artifice; then the Publick, being dissabus'd, opens its Eyes upon their Conduct, and observes a thousand Things that were forgiven them upon their presum'd Modesty and Regularity.

'Tis too extravagant a Satire to say of Women, that their Souls are no less painted than their Faces; that they have Artifice in all their Words, and most of their Actions, but especially in their Tears, which flow as often as they have Occasion for them. 'Tis certain, generally speaking, Women are more artificial and po-

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litick than Men, and have more Address to disguise their real Sentiments: This is the Reason that Men are so often their Cullies, and take the Demonstrations of a counterfeit Passion for real Kindness and Affection.

A Man must be *sincere* beyond the Standard of our present Manners, to talk ingenuously to People who ask Advice upon certain Matters to court our Flattery; for 'tis easy to observe across all their Grimace, that it is rather Praises than Counsel they consult us for. A Man comes to shew you his Book, which he thinks a Master-piece; he protests, at first, he'll stand to your Decisions, as to so many Oracles, but he takes Fire at the first Word you criticize, and leaves you in Discontent, to seek some body else, more easy, and more foolish, to applaud him, through Stupidity and Complaisance. 'Tis not with a Desire of Reformation that certain People ask your Counsel about their Conduct, their Resolution is taken before you are consulted; but their Design is, to have your Approbation, and engage you in their Interests: For if you are *sincere*, and tell them what disadvantageous Rumours are spread concerning them, the Alteration of their disconcerted Looks betrays them, and discovers their true Sentiments, with the Vexation your *Sincerity* gives them; and you come off very well, if they don't recompence your charitable Advice with some blunt Remonstrances, or keen Reproach.

How many Faults would be avoided in Conversation with the World, if we lov'd rather

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to be advis'd than flatter'd? But a tender Delicacy for ourselves renders the Name of Cenfor odious, whereas they that flatter us, and seem to approve our Sentiments, are thought much more agreeable People. Thus you see the Reason of our growing grey, with all those Imperfections that poison our Merit, whether we don't perceive them, or that the Complaisances of our fawning Friends make them appear inconsiderable, and prevent our necessary Cautions for the Cure: These illegitimate Praises, absurdly bestow'd, have another ill Effect, which is, that when our sincere Friends endeavour, by good Advice, to bring us to Consideration, we look upon them as severe and importunate Criticks, that exaggerate Matters, and take a malicious Pleasure in unmercifully censuring what deserves no Censure. 'Tis a mistaken Delicacy to refuse the Advice of all but Persons of great Merit; for what matters it from whence it comes, provided it be useful? A Fool is not a Fool in every thing, and he may sometimes rectify People wiser than himself. The clear-sighted don't always see what the less illuminated perceive, because Self-love misleads us, and makes us take false Measures.

'Tis an ill Method of making Friends, to set up for a publick Cenfor; it makes a Man regarded as a *Misanthrope*. How comes it, then, that we find so many Persons always ready to give Advice, squeamish, uneasy People, dissatisfied with, and dissatisfying every body? If

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you'd live at Peace with all Mankind, concern yourself with no body, but yourself and your own Affairs. Leave others at Liberty to live after their own Fashion, provided you have not undertaken for their Conduct, nor are answerable for it to the Publick.

We often draw upon us very ungrateful *Repartees*, by being too *sincere*; but neither ought we to have the cowardly Complaisance of some People, who praise in publick what they blame in private, who betray their own Sentiments, and have not the Courage to speak what they think, for fear of angering the People, they would please. Would it not be better to give them some little Disturbance by *sincere* Advice, than abandon them to their ill Fate? It becomes a faithful and disinterested Friend to set his Friend right, who has not always Light enough to guide him; 'tis a nice Matter, I confess, and demands great Precautions, because we meet with few but are disgusted with our Counsels, and express a Coldness for those that meddle with their Affairs, unless they espouse their Sentiments. This ought not to discourage us from giving them our Advice, when they want it, and they always want it when they are in Danger of committing any considerable Fault: If they express any Indignation when we take upon us to redress them, we must endeavour to insinuate into their Humours by gentle and engaging Ways, it being not always the Counsel that disturbs, but the Manner of giving it. The way is, artfully to
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insinuate, that the Publick is offended at their Conduct; that their Intentions are, perhaps, the best in the World, but they have not sufficient Care to save Appearances, which are the Ground of judging. When we use all these Precautions, and make Men sensible our Discourse is founded on pure Friendship, unless they be whimsical to the highest Degree, or ridiculously nice, 'tis impossible they should take the Advice amiss. But tho' they should express any Resentment, a *sincere* Friend can never resolve to be unjustly silent upon the Faults of his Friends, when they may render them ridiculous, or be very prejudicial to their Character. We are always the last to perceive our own Failings. The same Persons that give others very salutary Counsels, are blind to what respects themselves, and fancy they have nothing to be blam'd in them; they don't discover the Precipice till they are fallen into it, and there's no Recovery.

The customary Fault of People pretending to Complaisance, is to want *Sincerity*; they chuse rather to applaud Impertinencies, than speak their genuine Thoughts: This rampant Complaisance grows insipid, and does little Honour to the Author, who would insinuate into another's Mind by it. 'Tis not Reason they consult in their Discourses, they give in their *Yes* and *No* according to the Caprice of the Speaker, and have not the Assurance to oppose the most irrational foolish thing. The Spirit of Contradiction is also very disagreeable in

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Conversation, and no body cares to have to do with People that make a personal Quarrel about every thing they say. The grand Rule to please, is to accommodate yourself to the Genius of People, to study their Inclinations, and fashion your own accordingly; to commend them when they do any thing commendable. But *Sincerity* ought not to suffer by it, nor should you intoxicate them with Flattery, when they do Things meriting Reproof.



M A X.



MAXIMS

FOR

Civil Society.

WE can't be too curious in the Choice of Company we keep, whereas the generality of Men embark in Acquaintance without Reflexion or Distinction, giving themselves up to the first they meet, without examining whether he be fit for them, or not. He that would reap any Benefit from *Civil Society*, and taste the Pleasures of Conversation, ought only to converse with rational Persons; such as these contribute mightily to the forming a Gentleman, who insensibly imbibes, from this Conversation, a certain Tincture of

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Politeness, which gives an infinite Lustre to his Merit. We are naturally inclin'd to imitate the Behaviour of Persons we converse with, which makes it of great Importance to strike up an Acquaintance with Men of Worth, whom we may take for our Models. 'Tis true, we are often deceiv'd in this Particular; how many Blockheads pass for fine Gentlemen, because we are not at the Pains to sift them to the Bottom? But provided we converse with them, 'tis impossible to be mistaken. It is not to be hop'd to find People fraught with all Perfections, without any Mixture of Vice and Folly; if there be any pretending to this Delicacy, they ought to resolve upon an early Renunciation of the Commerce of the World, because in reality there is no Man so perfect, but has his weak Sides, and Inequalities. Those that have the least Share of them, or so politickly conceal them, that no body perceives or suffers by them, ought to be consider'd as the most accomplish'd Persons.

I very much approve the Method of that Gentleman, who, speaking of himself, said,
 “ I confess I was formerly more difficult than
 “ at present in point of Conversation, and I
 “ think I have lost less on the part of Delicacy, than I have gain'd on the side of Reason. I formerly sought for Persons that could
 “ please me in every thing, I now seek for
 “ something in all Persons that may be capable
 “ of pleasing me.” The Conversation of a Man of universal Merit, is too great a Rarity to meet

meet with, and good Sense will not allow the curious Search of a thing so difficult to be found: For one delicious Pleasure always imagin'd, and hardly ever enjoy'd, the Mind sick with Delicacy, grows out of Conceit with those it might possess every Day. Not, indeed, that it is impossible to find some Master-pieces so absolutely finish'd, but it is next to a Miracle for Nature to form them, or for Fortune to favour us with them. In the Plan you form to yourself for *Civil Society*, lay it down for a Maxim, That good Things are to be inseparably met with, and propose to yourself the distinguishing the solid from the frothy, the agreeable from the disagreeable, and the knowing from the ridiculous; you'll find these Qualities combin'd not only in Persons you are at Liberty to chuse or avoid, but in those with whom you will have Ties of Interests, or other as necessary Relations. When you are fully acquainted with the World, you'll see abundance of People recommendable for their Accomplishments, and most despiseable for their Foibles. Don't expect that they will always make a good use of their Merit, and have the Discretion to conceal their Faults; you'll often find them out of Conceit with their good Qualities, and have a natural Complaisance for their bad ones: 'Tis the part of your Discretion to make the Choice which they do not, and you'll have more Exercise for your Address, to extract the Metal from

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the Dross, which it's so difficult for them to do.

'Tis a harder thing, by far, than is imagin'd, to find out that just Temperature and Medium, wherein consists the Agreeableness of Humour: A too stern Severity is terrible, a too effeminate and sneaking Complaisance, offensive; a Man should be neither too indulgent, nor too austere: To be over-officious is displeasing, and to be continually disdainful, is provoking. That genteel Poise and Mediocrity that has nothing too sharp, yet degenerates not into insipid, is hard to be hit upon.

The Poignancy of fine Raillery is the delicious Seasoning of Society; but then you ought not to mistake your Men: Fools and Rusticks, the Conceited of their Merit, the Haughty and Proud, who would always be respected, understand not Raillery, but expect to be treated with less Freedom, and more Respect; and, to say Truth, it is better to crush a Jest betwixt one's Teeth, than to let it escape to the affronting of any one whatsoever. I don't examine whether the Ground of their Offence be imaginary, or just; don't involve yourself in Trouble, in pure Frolick for a witty Saying, which often leaves mortal Wounds behind, and makes you regarded as a dangerous Man that gives no Quarter.

'Tis a rare thing to find People of agreeable Conversation; when Men of Wit, and Knowledge of the World, nay, even of *Politeness*,

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ness, are sometimes found to be as tiresome as the rest. But this proceeds from their Contempt for, or Dislike to those they talk with; they vouchsafe not to open and display their Charms, but when in Company of those they love, or desire to please. We have known People lose in a Moment all the Esteem we had for them, by their Negligence to bear a Part in the Conversation.

The People that shine most, are not always most courted for *Civil Society*; as they are most taking, we dread their Wit, and fear to be eclips'd: But we are infinitely tir'd with those indolent Creatures that contribute nothing towards Conversation, that are not sensible of Wit or Raillery, and can answer nothing but *ay* or *no*. On the other hand, great Talkers are the Tyrants of Society, and the Babble of some People is an insupportable Plague to Men of Sense. You must resolve to keep perpetual Silence, if you have the Misfortune to light into Company with *Roseline*; she is no sooner seated, but she frames her Mouth to begin the Discourse: She runs herself out of Breath, in telling you all she has read, and all she has seen; she gives you the Pictures of all the People she's acquainted with, and draws them in horrid Colours. She gives you an exact Account of all her Expences in her House-keeping; she tells you what her Commodes and Manteaus cost her, the Name of her Manteau-Woman, the Street she lives in, and advises you to make use of her as a good

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good Workwoman. She does not mind whether she be heard or consider'd as an Impertinent; she resolves to talk, and talk she will everlastingly, unless some unforeseen Accident happens to lay an Embargo on her Tongue, for the Ease and Benefit of the Company.

In order to please always in Conversation, the grand Rule is, not to depart from your Character, and to observe all the *Decorum* suitable to your Condition. We pass over a thousand Things in a young Woman full of Charms and Agreements, which we would not pardon in a more advanc'd Age; those that have pass'd the Prime of their Days, should have somewhat more Gravity and Austerity, nay, abate somewhat of the Frolicksomeness and Gaiety of their Tempers. They ought to grow politickly grave, when they cease to be young and handsome, and the Season of pleasing is over. This is a sorrowful Situation, and renews the doleful Remembrance of some Women whose Beauty has long been celebrated; but for their Comforts let them reflect, that Wit can compensate for the Loss of Beauty, and that they may still retain the Crowd as much about them, by their fine Carriage, Complaisance, and well-bred Discourse, as they did formerly by their Charms. A Woman of Wit will be always courted, and every body prides himself in visiting her, and being of her Acquaintance; Beauty decays, and our Eyes are weary of constantly beholding fine Colours, but we are never tir'd with hearing fine Things set off with all the Agreements

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ments which witty People are able to give to all they say. *Arthenice*, in a toothless Age, sees herself daily surrounded with all the gentlest People in *London*; scarce has she Breath and Strength left to answer all the Questions are ask'd of her, but yet her Discourse has irresistible Charms for People of fine Breeding. Her Memory furnishes her on the Spot with whatever she has seen in the Course of a long Life, and the Accounts she gives of it instruct us in a thousand curious Circumstances. Her Wit has preserv'd all its Sprightliness, in spite of the Decrepidness of her Body, worn out with Age; so that it may be said of this Lady, that she is still young in the better part of her, tho' she be as old and crazy as a *Sybil*.

Civility makes us glad to do every body Justice; 'tis trespassing against this Virtue, to give cold Commendations to Things deserving a warm Applause; but neither should we overstrain our Praises upon Things of indifferent Desert. This extravagant Praise often happens to be Reproach, which does more Injury than Honour to the Giver.

'Tis a great Advantage to have Insight and Penetration enough to distinguish well the Character and Intentions of People we are oblig'd to live with; but when we discover their Faults, we should have the Discretion not to speak of them, nor even to seem to perceive them, in order to save the Owner's Blushes. It would abate their Confidence in us, and make them more shy of approaching us, if they

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they certainly knew we had disadvantageous Opinions of their Persons.

People's Fondness for their own Opinions, makes them act and speak many foolish Things in the Commerce of the World; they have no Complaisance for any body of different Notions, and they obstinately dispute and maintain the Negative to what others advance, fancying to make their Wit shine and sparkle by that clashing of Sentiments: But if they be too forcibly resisted, and can't immediately find Arguments in their Defence, the next Recourse is to Invectives, and they insolently throw their Adversary's Ignorance in their Teeth.

Before we vex and disturb ourselves, when we think we have just Occasion, let us examine the Character of the Person, to discover the Motives of his acting; it was not with Design to affront you, *Onesimus* spoke those disobliging Words, but he has a Fund of Maggotry, which makes him insupportable even to himself; every thing disgusts him, and he is not Master of his Spleen: The offensive Language he utters, escapes him without thinking of it. All Things must be tolerated in People of this Complexion, without minding the rude Things they say.

Those haughty and sufficient People, who have so high an Idea of their Merit, and so much Contempt and Pity for the rest of Mankind, reason ill if they think to procure the Esteem of the World, by the perpetual Applauses

plauses they give themselves, and the unmerciful Satires they bestow on every body else. Men refuse their Suffrage, when you would force it from them; the way you must take, if you would have the Esteem of all, is, gently to insinuate into their Minds, and prepare them by a modest and genteel Behaviour.

'Tis a Sign of but indifferent Sense to be obstinate in Opinion, as if a Man were infallible, and to be impatient of Censure: A Man of a weak Intellect thinks nothing escapes his Comprehension, and despises the Advice of all others. Is it any wonder that all the Advances he makes are so many false Steps? He is never undeceiv'd till after the Ruin of his Affairs. Thrice happy he, if ill Successes make him wiser for the future.

The Stiffness wherewith every one defends his Opinion, instead of a complaisant Submission to another's Judgment, even when we are in the wrong, is one of the most poisonous Weeds that infects the Pleasure of *Society*; we are not always in the Humour to suffer such Constraint, especially when we have to do with fantastick Creatures, who *nonplus* our Complaisance, as acting only by their Caprice, and paying no body Respect.

We find in all sorts of Companies some one or other who will be aspiring, and engrossing the Conversation; this commonly proves the greatest Fool in the whole Circle, as taking upon him to divert the rest, and supply Wit for the Company. If any one offers to begin
a Dis-

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a Discourse, or relate a Story, he immediately interrupts him, and describes all the Circumstances of the Matter. He sufficiently manifests, by his Countenance, his Noise, his Laughter, and, by the Applauses he gives himself, how well satisfied he is with his own Person, and all he says. He does not consider that every body shrugs up their Shoulders at him, and looks upon him as a Fool.

It can't be denied but the *English* have a great deal of Wit, a taking Carriage, and a vast Fund of *Politeness*: and yet most Conversations here are tiresome and distasteful. The Subjects pitch'd upon are commonly too trivial, inconsiderable, and unproportion'd to the Characters of the Hearers. To droll before a Man o'erwhelm'd with Troubles; to stun People with long Narratives, not at Leisure to hearken to them; to talk of Business and Law-Suits to young Folks, that desire nothing but Merriment and Laughter, is the certain way to tire them.

I heard lately *Doritus* give a large Description of a famous Siege, to a young Bride, and a great Company of Ladies, that came to Compliment her on her Marriage. He nam'd all the Regiments that mounted the Trenches, and all the Soldiers that were wounded; nay, would needs inform them, how many Men were lost in the attack of each Bastion and Half-Moon, and in all the Sallies were made. This Discourse was (as it were) adapted to tire the Company, which would have taken
more

more Pleasure in examining the Ladies Toilet, than in hearing a Discourse of springing of Mines, and the Losses of Legs and Arms.

'Tis an Incivility not uncommon in Conversations, to address the Discourse always to the same Person, to be extremely officious to one, but to express a Coldness for the rest, even to Contempt. Scarce will such Creatures give themselves the Trouble to answer us, when we speak to them; whereas to the other Person, they will be infinitely obliging and complaisant. 'Tis also a ridiculous Custom, to shew Mirth and Gaiety, even to Fits of Cackling and Laughter; and immediately to sink into a sullen Silence, so as not to be able to open one's Mouth, or be mov'd with all the Wit and Pleasantry imaginable for a good while. 'Tis no less blameable, to be civil and disrespectful to the same Persons; to load them with Caresses, and a Quarter of an Hour after, to make as if you did not know them.

We must not hope to recommend ourselves to the Relish and Approbation of all the World, tho' we should do nothing but what deserv'd it. Men are too envious, to pardon a Merit that debases them; but when they make absurd Complaints of our Conduct, we ought to support ourselves upon our good Intentions, and proceed in our own Road. Provided a Man's Conscience has nothing to reproach him with, he ought not to be diverted from his Method by ill-grounded Complaints,
nor

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nor abate or repent of his Virtue, for the foolish Clamours of the World.

'Tis a whimsical thing to love Persons of no Merit, in whom sensible and judicious People can see nothing amiable; but yet 'tis more extravagant to cease to love such as are extremely good, because they have an importunate Merit that eclipses us. 'Tis true, Friendship requires some Equality, but this is no Reason for our Indifference to those whose excellent Qualities raise them above us; our Acquaintance with them is an Honour to us, and, instead of repining at their Excellencies; we ought to share in them, and congratulate ourselves upon the wise Choice we have made. But there is a sort of Malignity in the Heart of Man which cannot bear the extraordinary Merit of others; we sometimes receive a secret Mortification upon the Prosperity of our Friends, and reproach Fortune with the Favours she has done them: We should more easily pardon her, if she favour'd such as were indifferent, or mere Strangers to us.

Nerine has broken with *Urania*, since the latter's Marriage has rais'd her to the Quality of a Dutchess; they spent their youthful Days together, in their Father's Shops, who having got Money by their Trades, set up for Bankers, where they have differently manag'd their Affairs. *Urania's* Father, either more cunning, or more fortunate, got Wealth enough to marry his Daughter to a Duke, whilst *Nerine's*

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rine's being still confin'd to a moderate Fortune, and which did not lift him far above his former State, could not raise his Daughter (when he match'd her) much above the Counter. Now when she accidentally sees the triumphal Chariot *Urania's* drawn in, that Train of Slaves that hang about it, the ducal Coronet on all Sides, together with the splendid Furniture of her Equipage, her Heart sinks within her, and her Weakness proceeds even to Convulsions.

I have no good Opinion of those that neglect their Reputation, as being contented with the Suffrage of their Conscience; this Maxim is not sound. Regardless of the Rumours that are spread to their Discredit, we must (say they) give the World Leave to talk, and go on in our own way. This is ill Reasoning. Reputation is the worthiest Recompence of Virtue, and tho' we should not theatrically display our good Actions, yet the Esteem that accrues from them, is a kind of Tribute not to be neglected.

Those that positively affirm they trouble not their Heads about the Reports the Publick scatters to their Prejudice, are not always the most virtuous People; there are Times wherein they do themselves Justice, and their Conscience still urges them with keener Reproaches. When we have not sufficient Empire over ourselves to cure our Infirmities, we ought, at least, to have the Discretion to conceal them as much as possible, and not make a Parade of these

these Sort of Matters. Why should a Man wantonly decry himself? And what would it cost him to save Appearances, and hinder the Clamours of the Publick?

The Virtues ought to be proportion'd to the Character of the Person. Every body is oblig'd to be virtuous; but not in the same degree, nor after the same manner. There's an Art in seasoning Virtues, and observing the necessary Measures.

A young Girl need not be as serious, reserv'd and grave, as her Grandmother. It does not become a Woman turn'd of Fifty, to set up for Gaiety, nor to patch and deck herself in flaming Ribbons. A Man of the World is not oblig'd to the Virtues of an Hermit. A Lady, whose Quality obliges her to see the World, need not be retir'd as a Nun. But it often happens, that People mistake in the Practice of Virtues. A married Woman will prescribe herself all the little Superstitions of Nuns, and Nuns would have all the Liberties of Women of Pleasure. Nay, it's rare for any Woman to take up with the Temper and Character of her Condition.

We should not have so many Disorders in the World, if a good Bent was at first given to Youth, and their Minds were provided with Maxims of Duty. Fathers and Mothers, that fancy they can reduce their Children to Virtue, after all the Liberties they have taken, are out in their Accounts; and are commonly the first that suffer by this misplac'd Indulgence, which

which always has bad Effects. 'Tis impossible to straiten a Tree that has been warp'd for many Years; but there's no Difficulty in rectifying a young tender Plant, which easily admits the Ply you please to give it.

'Tis an unaccountable Thing to see so few Marriages well sorted, and People of so many admirable Qualities, that afford Delight and Charms for all Companies, met together only to make one another mad. Their small Complaisance for each other, is one of the first Sources of their Discontents and mutual Disdain. Marriage is a Society, and not a Tyranny. A contemptuous Carriage, an imperious and surly Conduct, quite turns a Woman's Heart, who is enrag'd to find her Marriage, which promis'd her more Liberty, engage her but in a severer Bondage. To be deliver'd from this Tyranny, and reveng'd of the ill Usage of a jealous and troublesome Husband, they have often Recourse to very fatal and dishonourable Expedients. Now a little reciprocal Complaisance would stop the Current of all these Disorders.

'Tis a very scandalous Practice, that of seeking all Occasions to do ill Offices to those that have given us any Disturbance. 'Tis a Baseness not to be tolerated but in Women, who have little and vindictive Souls. They direfully declaim against those they think they have Reason to complain of; they endeavour to raise all the *Posse* of the World against them. In vain you exclaim against this Custom, and
shew

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shew the ridiculous Folly and Viciousness of it: You gain nothing by your Remonstrances. All Companies ring with Calumny and Reproaches, which must needs be admirable Musick.

Attention to our Words and Actions, gives us a Spirit of Regularity, and prevents our making any Escapes against the Rules of *Decorum*; a regular Person always speaks with Reserve and Circumspection, and he acts so too: He understands what is due to every one's respective Rank and Character, and never dispenses with that Justice. If any thing be desir'd of him, (in his Power to grant) and he engages in it, you may depend on his Word, and entirely acquiesce in his Promises: Being more attentive to others Interests than his own, he never swerves from the Rules of Integrity and Equity, whatever the Discharge of his Duty costs him.

Civility demands we should be attentive to what is said to us, and that we be not dreaming of other Things when People do us the Honour to talk to us; we must not only say nothing to People to displease them, but also give them to understand we are affected and pleas'd with what they say, that we enter into their Sentiments, and think them highly reasonable.

'Tis Incivility, or want of Discretion, to divulge what is imparted to us, without knowing whether those who deposit their Secrets with us would take it well; we ought even sometimes to make Secrets of Things confided to

us,

us, tho' they were not recommended by that Character.

Discretion is, as it were, the Soul of *Politeness*; it puts a Check on the Rashness of our Tongues, and covers us from vexatious Accusations: 'Tis likewise an Incivility to lend an attentive Ear to others private Discourses, which they would debar us the Knowledge of. We have naturally a Curiosity to divine what others say, and feel a secret Indignation to be shut out of the Intelligence.

Some Remains of Modesty forbid us to receive sedately the Praises that are given us to our Faces, and we reject them, as if we thought ourselves unworthy; yet this is nothing but Affectation, to engage our Encomiasts to continue a Discourse that tickles our Self-love. Now to what Purpose are these Politicks? Unless we are visibly ridicul'd, we ought not to make such a Stir about being prais'd for Things that are truly laudable; our Reputation does not depend on the Caprices of Men, and the Commendations they bestow on us, but upon our own personal Merit, and our reputable Actions.

'Tis not always convenient to know what People say of us; when we are the Topick of Discourse, it is not always in our Praise. Commonly such Discourses, were we privy to them, would but trouble our Repose, and give us strange Uneasinesses. But yet a good use may be made of the disreputable Things reported of us.

Every

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Every body knows *Cornelius's* Adventure. He slipt secretly into a Closet, to hear what three or four Women of his Acquaintance said of him: But he was soundly punish'd for his Curiosity, for there he was inform'd of all the Particulars of his Wife's Amours and Intrigues, whom before he had not the least Suspicion of. As they were his Lady's Friends and Confidants, they were acquainted with the least Circumstances of her Affairs; and not dreaming they were over-heard, they talk'd of them very freely. What a Scene was here for a Man, who had always been exceeding easy upon this Subject, and thought his Wife a Pattern for virtuous Women? How many Husbands might this Example be of use to, to dissuade them from a Curiosity that must needs be fatal to their Repose?

'Tis not the Time to act the *Bravado*, and pretend to a lofty Carriage, when you are attack'd on every side, and an enrag'd World breaks loose upon you. Then is the Season to be more supple than ever, and to cultivate the Persons you have Occasion for; who may espouse your Interests, since they are won by a little Complaisance: But you exasperate them, and lose them irrecoverably, by your Indifference, and a mis-tim'd and mistaken Pride.

Silence is an excellent Remedy against Detraction. Complaints, Reproaches and *Eclaircissements*, are rather Corrosives than a Cure for it. We let a Man alone, when we see he's

not

not to be mov'd by the disobliging Things we say of him. 'Tis a Virtue of great Value, tho' it cost but little, to return Candour and Civilities for Impertinencies. As 'tis frequently our hard Fortune to live with fantastical, troublesome, and passionate People, we must compassionate their Extravagancies and Weaknesses, if we would live at Peace. That undisturb'd Temper we manifest when we are affronted, is more provoking than a smart Reply.

If jealous and invidious People knew but how despicable they render themselves by all the Care they take to humble others Merit, they would be at yet greater Pains to get rid of so wretched a Passion, or at least to conceal it. In what Confusion does a Woman, dreaming of her Beauty, find herself, when another Woman's Beauty is prais'd before her? What Artifices does she fly to, to destroy her Rival? 'Tis good Comedy for the indifferent Standers-by, who can't forbear laughing, to see what Alarms and Agonies her Jealousy occasions her.

If Women did but employ themselves a little more, they would not have so lively Passions: But so it is, if they are of any eminent Quality, they spend all their Lives in doing just nothing; or else their Business is still something even below Idleness itself. This Laziness opens a wide Gate to infinite Disorders. A Mind unbusied, admits Multitudes of *Chimera's*, and seeks Consolations to fill up the *Vacuum* of a lazy tiresome Life; but

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commonly the Remedy is worse than the Disease; for, if I mistake not, 'tis this has corrupted the Morals of the Ladies, and introduc'd those Liberties they have of late indulg'd.

The Women complain of the Mens Injustice, who have excluded them from grand Employments and Business: And, indeed they have Reason to complain, since they are as well qualified for every thing, as the most understanding Men. It must, however, be acknowledg'd, that their Bias naturally disposes them to trifling: They employ their Heads about Toys and Impertinencies; amuse themselves with Dressing, Finery and Intrigues, and exhaust all the Activity of their Souls on such frivolous Objects. The Care of their Beauty carries it above the most important and necessary Concerns, unless the Situation of their Affairs awakens them from this Lethargy and Supineness. We daily see Widows, who thought of nothing but their Diversions so long as their Husbands excus'd them from Domestick Cares, but who being depriv'd of this Assistance, seriously apply themselves to solid Business, disentangle the most incumbred Affairs, bear the Fatigue of numerous Law-suits, and restore their ruin'd Estates and Families, ready to sink under the Persecution of their Creditors.

Most Masters complain of being ill serv'd by their Domesticks, because, generally speaking, they have neither Zeal, Affection, nor Fidelity. These Complaints are sometimes just-ly

ly grounded: But are not the Masters likewise oftentimes in fault, and can they excuse themselves for the harsh Treatment of these poor Wretches? They make them but too sensible of their Yoke, by those Marks of Contempt, and injurious Language they give them, as also by their sharp and never-ceasing Reprimands, in conjunction with ill Usage. This Opposition and Tyranny begets a mutinous Spirit in their Servants, who commonly revenge themselves on their Masters by *Calumny* and *Idleness*.

Every body has sufficient Justice done them by the Publick: Those that complain of it, have not always Reason for their Complaints. If you desire a good Reputation, be actually the Man you are willing to be thought. Men in Place find it difficult to conceal themselves, and their Actions are but more expos'd to Censure; therefore the vaster Scope their Fortune has, the stricter Bounds should they prescribe to their Passions.

We judge of Men only by the Surface and Exterior, which is the Reason that a Rascal is so often confounded with an honest Man. We see very abominable Knaves, that make the best Appearances in the World; others, with very good Inclinations, observe not Measures, and are *Felo's de se* in Point of Reputation. Those that are best acquainted with *Clerione*, universally agree she has Modesty and Virtue; but yet she has disparag'd herself by the ill Company she keeps. We find none but Women of

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a bad Character about her; she admits them to her Table, she coaches them to *Hyde-Park*, to the Opera's and Comedies, nay, to the Places where she plays: She peremptorily declares, that Women of Gravity tire her; and thus she has lost her Reputation.

The Singularities observable in some People, who affect to distinguish themselves all manner of ways, proceed generally from an awkward Wit, which puts the Change upon them. They fancy they disparage themselves, if they approve what every body likes, and would be very sorry to give in their Suffrage to a Piece that's generally applauded: But this particular Taste makes them but look'd on as Fops, or wretched Judges.

When you see the Impertinences of others, think but with yourself, that if you are guilty of the same Faults, you'll likewise pass for the same Coxcomb. The hasty Sallies and Transports of Passion which sometimes escape your Friends before you, should be a Lecture to teach you Temper. You find yourself stunn'd with that impetuous Flow of superfluous Words they utter, without giving any Man whatever Time to put in a Word. Rage so strangely transports them, as to disfigure and confound the Features of their Faces, and to distort their Mouths by Dint of Bawling. But 'tis still worse, when being conscious of their Folly, instead of recollecting themselves, their secret Indignation casts them into fresh Extravagancies. What is wonderful, is, that all this Thunder and Lightning

ning proceeds most usually from nothing, or from such inconsiderable Subjects, as a Man is ashamed to acknowledge to himself. A Master that has no Government, flies upon his Servants with the same Fury for a broken Glass, as if they had set his House on Fire.

Persons rais'd to a vast Superiority above others, by their Qualities and Employs, should be very reserv'd in Point of Raillery; because what they say wounds to the quick. The Respect their Rank inspires, and the Deference is paid to them, prevents our answering them in the same Strain; which is a painful Constraint; besides that, their Crowd of Sycophants and Flatterers about them fail not to heighten these Railleries, and to mingle with them the Poison of their own Reflexions; which still renders them more bitter and intolerable.

'Tis dangerous making a Bravado-Sally, when we have neither Strength nor Courage to support it. How many People are disgrac'd by those specious Retreats which they, nevertheless, pride themselves in? They only pretend to quit the World, in order to be introduc'd again with greater Pomp and Glory: They spread Reports of their intended Refusal of certain Posts; but 'tis to fix them more securely by this hypocritical Moderation. On the first Glimpse of Fortune, they leap from their Retirement, and, more devoted to the World than ever, betray their ridiculous Hypocrisy. *Thrasilus* was unable to bear but a few Months the Melancholy of his Retreat, which he made so much Noise

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about. A Procedure of this Kind ought not to be made with so much Stir and Ostentation. When God alone is all we are concern'd for, we are not solicitous about Human Approbation, nor desirous to draw the Eyes of the World upon us, when in earnest we are retir'd out of it.

Visits, purely Ceremonial, have been banish'd Society; and there was great Reason so to do, as being only Offices of Constraint, which 'tis necessary to dispense with both in ourselves and others. We still meet with certain formalizing Folks, who have retain'd a smattering of *Eastern* Times, and love to constrain both themselves and others. Are we to call Life our Time spent in this Restraint, the being still upon the Stage, as if we were Comedians?

Are bombast and far-fetch'd Expressions necessary to express the most trivial things? And yet there are People to be met with of such a Character, as to assume a mysterious Manner to vent the meanest Trifles. 'Tis ridiculous to be loud and clamorous, when there are few in Company, the Tone of the Voice being to be proportion'd to the Ears of our Auditors, and to the Subject we treat of. What Occasion for a declamatory Strain, to say 'tis excessive hot, 'tis wretchedly cold, or that the Streets are very dirty?

A Man may venture upon Drollery and Banter with People of Sense and Breeding, who understand Raillery, and enter into the Intention of the Speaker. But we ought never to hazard Jest, tho' the most allowable and good-natur'd,

natur'd, with Country-Folks and Fools, who take every thing literally, and think they are always laugh'd at. Caution also is to be had with lofty Persons, who think we can't have too much Respect for their Rank, personal Merit, and admirable Qualities. Treat these Kind of People with a great deal of Circumspection; their Dotage consists in Fondness of Applauses and Respects; and if you mean to please them, you can't be too nice in your Regards.

I can't imagine what People can mean, to obtrude their Advices where they are not ask'd. The least Fault a Man commits, alarms and gives them great Disturbances. They make a terrible Sputter about it, and vehemently reproach the Author. But this is not the Method we should use, if we mean to cure People of their Errors. If you would have your Counsel and Reproofs useful and effectual, chuse well your Opportunity, and wrap up your medicinal Remonstrances in the luscious Vehicle of friendly and caressing Words, which usually disgust those they are apply'd to, unless you make it manifest by the Demonstrations of a sincere good Will, it is purely their Interest you are concern'd for.

One of the most incomprehensible Things I can think of, is the License People take to censure in others the very same Faults they are guilty of themselves. Is it that they are not sensible of their own Infirmities, or do they think they are privileg'd Persons? Every body

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is acquainted with *Nerine's* Life and Intrigues, even to the very Names of her Gallants. In the Park, the Mall, and Play-House, she is pointed at; and yet she everlastingly declaims against the Coquetting Ladies, describes them in horrible Portraits, and unmercifully bespatters them with Invectives. What means she by these Satires? Would she authorize her own Disorders, by Examples and Numbers? Or would she not rather hereby stifle the Reproaches of her Conscience?

Politeness does not always allow reprehending those that commit Mistakes: But there are certain Conjunctures, wherein Honour, Duty and Friendship absolutely require it. 'Tis a very hard Part to act, and demands a great deal of Niceness to deal with our Friends who have done amiss; but it would be a Kind of Cruelty, to abandon them to their ill Conduct. We ought to let them see the Condition they are in, without creating them too much Confusion or Vexation. Few are capable of an Employ, that requires so much Precaution: Mean time every body pretends to it. There's nothing in the World costs less than Counsel, and the Givers of it are every where found cheap enough.

A Man engag'd in the Commerce of the World, ought to accommodate his Virtue to his Condition; and not set up for such a rigid Course, as to grow fantastical and impertinent. What is suitable to a Monk or an *Anchoret*, would no ways comport with a Treasurer or Lord-

Lord-Mayor, who can't always be on his Knees. But it happens I know not how, that every body disliking his own Condition, mistakes his Cue, and practises Virtues incompatible with his Character. Thus in Popery, a married Woman laden with Children, abandons the Cares of her Family to retire into a Cloister; and a Nun mingles Intrigues, and spends the whole Day in frivolous Discourse, out of the Disgust she has to her Retirement.

There's no need of a great Stock of *Politeness* to live amicably with good-humour'd People, who are always of our Opinion, and study to please, flatter, and caress us continually. We have naturally an Inclination for Persons of this Character; we discover Wit and Merit in them, because they have the Art to set off ours, to excuse our Faults, or to set them in such Lights, as to make them unperceivable. But it requires a very tame and tractable Temper to live with those odd-humour'd Creatures, who are always taking pet at every Trifle, and demanding Explications; nay, a Man had need have Address to divert the Storm, and Patience to bear the Brunt of their disobliging Sayings. If Women who have troublesome and crabbed Husbands, would but practise this Doctrine, we should not so often see those Disturbances in their Oeconomicks, as banish all Joy and Pleasure from their Houses. But the Way is, if one harsh Word be said to them, to return four

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for it, and to strike up in such shrill and eager Strains, as to deafen the Neighbourhood with the Discord.

To me no Character seems more formidable, than that of the Makers of insignificant Visits: Lazy loitering Drones, who not knowing how to spend their Time, run about to waste that of other People, who could put it to a much better use. Is it not egregious Folly to gad Abroad, fatiguing People with impertinent Visits, when you have nothing good to say to them, nor any Thing to talk of but rainy or fair Weather, the good Dancers in the Opera, or good Actors in the Play-House? Would it not be better, think you, to stay at home, and weary yourself with your ungrateful Company, than teaze and tire your Neighbours after this Rate? There are People of such cloudy and heavy Tempers, that a Man knows not what Topicks to put them upon to make them Talk: They will enter upon nothing, the most curious and diverting Subjects can't awaken their stupid Indolence: The Conversation falls into a Kind of Lethargy, and one knows not what to go upon, after we have run over their Coach and Horses, their High Heads, the Price of their Silks, and ask'd the Name of their Taylor.

Every body has a Right to give his Opinion of Things submitted to the Publick; to talk of a Preacher, who ventures to embark in so difficult a Profession; to judge of a Piece of Prose

or

or Verse, which the Impression has deliver'd into every one's Hands. But I think we ought to be indulgent both to the Preacher and Author; and I have no extraordinary Opinion of those People's Wit, who always seek out the weak Places of a Sermon or Book, to expose them. I can't approve *Zelide's* extravagant Nicety, who severely Criticizes every Scene and Verse: She censures the Design, the Episodes, the Plot: Her Criticks last longer than the Play, but don't give the same Delight. If she modestly gave her Opinion of it, and allow'd others Opportunity to throw in their Observations, she would be excusable: But you would think she was haranguing at the Bar, and that her Honour was concern'd to have all the Verdicts on her side.

According to the Way of the World, Men seem to make it their Study, and employ all their Wit to deceive one another. 'Tis come to that pitch of Refinement, and a Man is so often taken for a Cully, when he deals sincerely, that he is sometimes oblig'd, in spite of his Inclination, to disguise himself and use Artifice to avoid the Snares that are laid for him. Mean time, Cunning ought to be banish'd the Society of honest Men: 'Tis an amphibious Quality, floating betwixt Vice and Virtue; but generally warping the Sentiments and corrupting Probity, especially where a Man is engag'd with less conscientious Persons than himself, that recur to Artifices. He
makes

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makes Reprisals, and combats them with their own Weapons : But there's little Credit in all this Management.

Fair Dealing is never more necessary than at Play, especially where 'tis for great Sums. 'Tis a very ticklish Temptation to be able to win much Money by Dexterity ; and Men in other respects of the greatest Integrity and Honesty, are not always Proof against this Temptation : But why will they come within its reach ? Can any Man of Honour, whose Conscience pricks him for a Piece of Rookery, forgive himself ? Nor does any thing demand greater Temper and Discretion than High-Play, either to prevent the Gamester's unseasonable Passion, and hazarding all his Money, or to hinder him from such ridiculous and childish Actions as render him contemptible ; as clamouring, swearing, tearing the Cards in a brutal Manner, throwing the Dice into the Fire, rolling his Eyes like a possess'd Person, and playing the Mad-man for Trifles he is ashamed of when he comes to his Senses. *Moricette* borrows vast Sums to throw away at Play. She has a Thousand Arts to induce People to lend her Money ; but when she has obtain'd what she desir'd, and is in no hopes of more, she inveighs bitterly against her Creditors, calling them Rogues and Rascals, as if it were the greatest Injury in the World, to redemand what they had so obligingly lent her.

He

He that makes an Entertainment, and is charm'd with his splendid Reception of his Guests, ought not to be the first in commending the Excellence of his Dishes, and fine Flavour of his Wine; nor should he, with an affected Modesty, desire them to excuse his pitiful Dinner. This antiquated Compliment is good for nothing but to denote his foolish Vanity. An easy and natural Look in a Person not impertinently applauding the Nobleness of the Treat, nor bespeaking trivial Praises by Excuses out of Season, is the Character of a noble Soul, not concerning itself about little Things. 'Tis the surest Way to please the Guests to ease them of all Constraint, and leave them that genteel Liberty every one ought to have at Table, and which is the most delicious Viand there.

People feel a secret Satisfaction in talking of themselves and their ill Fortune. This regales their Self-love, as insinuating hereby that their Prosperity is inferior to their Desert: But generally these Relations are painful to their Hearers, who are not always dispos'd to pity them. They ought therefore to indulge their Delicacy, and only mention their Misfortunes to particular Friends, or such as are capable of redressing them. Men of sufficient Zeal to serve their Friends in their Exigencies, ought to shew it, and spare them the secret Pain they always feel in explaining their Wants. True Friends are better known by what they do, than by what they say. A
Thousand

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Thousand People offer you their Services, when you have no need of their Assistance, but if any Plunge of your Affairs obliges you to apply to them, you'll find them different Men, and in a different Language.

You call yourself the Friend to a Person whom you hear abus'd behind his back. You are witness of all the Slander is spoke of him: Instead of silencing his Detractors, you approve, by your Mien and Gesture, all they say. You have not the Courage to defend him whom you overwhelm with Caresses when you see him, and with daily Protestations of an inviolable Friendship. Now, is this a Part becoming your Character? 'Tis the Duty of an honest Man to declare himself for his Friends, to run the Risque of their Fortune, and to do all that's possible on their Behalf consistent with Honour and Conscience. Nor is it enough to serve our Friends, but it must be done zealously and genteely. We are then arriv'd at the utmost Pinacle of Friendship, when we have the same Fervour for our Friends deserted by the World, as when in their most flourishing Condition. In my Mind, 'tis one of the richest Pleasures of Life, to be able to do any considerable Service to a Friend, to be capable of lifting him to a better Fortune, and of succouring him in a pressing Necessity.

The Reason why there are no more true Friends in the World, is, that every one refers every thing to himself, and respects others

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no farther than they are useful to him. Mean time, Disinterestedness is, as it were, the Soul of Friendship: But where do we find disinterested Friends? The Giver still enlarges, and the Receiver lessens the Benefit, and throws into the Balance the lightest Displeasure, to counterpoise the weightiest Service. 'Tis a Sign of Ingratitude to suffer our Friends to sollicite us for any thing in our Power. Whatever Reluctance we may have, we can't decently refuse them; but without Caution this Constraint causes us to serve them with an ill Grace. They that don't heartily grant the good Offices desir'd of them, would, perhaps, do better to refuse them altogether: The visible Constraint in their Faces confounds the Persons they think they do a Pleasure to.

Those that talk eternally of what they have done for their Friends, lose the Reward of their Benefit, it being a perfect Resumption to be reproach'd with them, be they never so considerable. A Man of Honour ought by all means to divest himself of the childish Vanity of recounting his Benefactions: But is it to be hop'd, that Men of this Make can be persuaded to it?

We are sometimes oblig'd, for just Reasons to break off all Commerce with our dearest Friends; but before it come to that, we are to observe all due Measures and Precautions, and, at least, take time for a mutual Defence and Explication; a Rupture sometimes happening,
without

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without knowing the Reason why. You say, your Friend has not that Freedom and Openness for you, and that endearing and diverting Way he was wont to have. But you don't reflect that he is incumbred with uneasy and vexatious Business, which robs him of part of his Liberty, and causes that Indifference in his Face you complain of.

Nothing disturbs a Man of Honour more, than to find that some Persons, to all outward Appearances his Friends, betray him, and underhand confederate with his declar'd Enemies: A Treachery not uncommon; and a Man must have a vast Command of himself, not to seek Opportunities of Revenge: But, what a glorious Victory would it be, to be able to stifle all the Resentments arising in his Breast, upon so base a Treatment? How noble is it to forget an Injury genteely? And how ought we to congratulate ourselves, our Temper and Moderation on such splenetick Occasions? But at least, we ought to be far from imitating the Conduct of most Men, who fly from one Extream to another; falling foul upon their best Friends on the least dissatisfaction, and doing them all the ill Offices they can.

When you hear any one ill spoken of in your Company, which happens but too often, mingle not the Poison of your malignant Reflexions, nor bid higher than the rest in the Auction of Slander; but especially take Care not to go and report to the Person concern'd,
the

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the Abuses he suffer'd. Never be Carrier of ill News, which is the daily Cause of infinite Vexations. You oblige not those you bring such Sort of Errands to, and you infallibly incense the Authors of the Reports. If you would find Pleasure in *Civil Society*, endeavour to keep fair with all People, and never offend any body in a Frolick. An Enemy of whatever Size or Character, may be able to give you great Disturbance, which you should be wiser than to incur for the Sake of a Word's speaking.

If Women of the present Age, can't bring themselves to more Sobriety, and live a more regular and modest Life, they ought, at least, to talk with more Reserve of their Gallantries and Lovers, and not have the Impudence to be seen with them in every publick Place. Does it become them, think you, to talk of these Affairs with a License, that makes Men of the least Modesty blush? Ought Young Women to enter into Discourse, when it turns upon Points they should be entirely ignorant of? Let them not be asham'd to appear less learned in the Science of Gallantry: Those free Sayings that escape them, have always an ill Effect, and give scurvy Impressions of their Conduct. Above all, let them not applaud themselves, not burst out into violent Laughter after uttering these Absurdities. If their Flatterers cry up their good Humour in publick, they make strange Pictures of them in private, where they freely speak their Minds.

We

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We observe in the Generality of People, a Fund of ill Nature, which exerts itself to the decrying a Man of Honour and Reputation: They can't pardon his Merit, nor bear hearing the obliging Things that are every where said to his Advantage. What Prejudice is it to you, that such a one has a general Approbation? Does his Merit dazzle your jealous Eyes? Do you fear he'll eclipse you? What Gainer will you be, when you have destroy'd his Reputation by your Detraction? Would you raise your Fame on the Ruins of his? Persuade yourself, that all the ill you say of him, redounds most to your own Defamation; it makes you consider'd as an invidious Person, which is scarce consistent with the Character of an honest Man.

Let it be your Desire to please People of good Taste, and get rid of that ridiculous Vanity, and Air of Sufficiency, which accompanies all your Words and Actions. You would hereby be thought a Man of exquisite Niceness, but you make yourself really ridiculous. Those that seem so satisfied with themselves, so full of their own Merit, are never admir'd by Men of Sense. He that would have an universal Approbation, must not easily fancy himself deserving. If you had a less Esteem of your Person, you would yet be more estimable. Use the same Maxim for every Thing that belongs to you. Don't be too much upon the Commendation of your Children, but rather suffer their Panegyrick to be made by others.
Don't

Don't quote them for Patterns of Perfection; but having just mention'd them *en passant*, and let them pay their Respects to the Company, remand them to their Tutor, or their Governess.

Whence is it, that Women of the worst Fame, and whose Histories are publick, make it their Business to disparage the Conduct of all their Sex? They make a terrible Noise, raging against those whose Conduct is attack'd, as if they were oblig'd to answer for it. They fancy perhaps, by this Means to divert the Course of Obloquy, and save themselves in the Crowd: But they are out in their Accounts, if they think to give themselves Liberties, with the Hopes of concealing their Intrigues, and imposing on the Publick. The World is not to be cullied, but sooner or later unravels their Mysteries. When Things go off without Noise, they think themselves happy; but the Crash and Consequences of a Rupture, are Matters of a fatal Kind. Reproaches, Outrages, Letters sacrific'd to Rivals, or publish'd, occasion bitter Remorse, and long Repentance.

Methinks Mothers, for some Time, have us'd too remis a Complaisance for their young Daughters; and that instead of infusing Principles of Modesty and Discretion into them, they train them up quite another Way. Is it any wonder then they should so forget themselves, and that we meet with so many Coquets? They are indulg'd with too great a Liberty;

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berty; and where they have taken their Ply 'tis impossible to resume again your lost Authority.

To find Satisfaction in *Civil Society*, we should neither constrain ourselves nor others. We must not take it ill that others are of different Opinions, much less make a personal Quarrel of their advancing Propositions we dislike. The Way is always to observe an equal *Medium*; that is, never to contest with an importunate Obstinacy, nor yield with a cowardly Imbecility, when the Assertion is repugnant to good Sense. Don't set up for Squeamishness, nor think it the Touchstone of an exact Judgment to approve of nothing. Who can forbear Laughing, to see the supercilious and disdainful Look of some People, when any witty Thing is said which every body extols? Instead of being diverted like the rest, they discover their Indignation, and sometimes carry their peevish Humour to affronting the Laughers and Applauders. What is inconceivable, is, to see polite People sometimes fall into these Extravagancies. A Principle of Vain-glory gets the better of the Principle of a good Education. Can they be insensible of the Ridicule they incur by these Absurdities?

If any one says a Thing before you childish, mean, or bespeaking a profound Ignorance; don't insult the Author of the Foolery; rather compassionate his Weakness and his Ignorance, and set him right, by sparing his Confusion.

fusion. Be far from laughing at him with the Company : 'Tis a Kind of Cruelty, by ill-natur'd Jests, to make a Man doubly ridiculous, who already is but too contemptible for his Folly. Why do People rejoice at others Faults? They study to discover every Thing that can give them Trouble; and some there are so rude, as brutally to cast it in their Teeth.

I think it the best Way to stay at Home, and not visit People when in *Chagrin* and ill Humour. There are gloomy Minutes, when every Thing disgusts us, and we are burdensome to ourselves. In these Seasons, we run the Risque of being disagreeable to others; and we ought not lightly to expose ourselves to the Imputation of troublesome and impertinent People.

An Excess of Gaiety and Merriment, is another Fault to be avoided in *Civil Society*. This Maxim seems a Paradox; and that Mirth and Jollity never spoil'd a Feast. 'Tis however true; sober and rational People can't bear that perpetual, empty, senseless Mirth, that is always bursting with loud Laughter, without knowing wherefore. 'Tis good always to be Master of our Tempers; and tho' we ought not still to interrogate our Reason, whether it be proper to laugh when we hear a witty Jest, yet we ought not to have our Mouths ready open'd and tun'd for laughing; like some that we never see in a sober settl'd Humour, but always bubbling up with frothy Joy. Good Humour is the Charm of *Civil Society*,
when

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when it keeps within the Limits of *Decorum*.

What I dread most in Conversations, are those greedy Cormorants of Praise, who try all Shapes and Postures to invite your Compliments; and you must always have an Incense-Pot in your Hand, if you would be their Friend. If they ask your Opinion of any Piece of their Composition, which they read with an *Emphasis*, you can't find flattering Expressions enough to content their Vanity. What a Fatigue is it for a Man that has common Sense, and an exquisite Relish of good Things, to be oblig'd (in Complaisance) to commend Trifles? For you must either applaud, or quarrel. They'll brutishly tax your want of Taste, Delicacy and Judgment. This Maxim is of very large Extent, and belongs to all Sorts of Professions. A Woman tolerably handsome, but who thinks herself an accomplish'd Beauty, is out of all Patience to hear her Charms but faintly commended. Those that have a good Faculty at Dancing, Singing, or Musick, will be applauded; and a Man knows not where to fly from the Persecution of these Self-admirers. They that have so much Complacency for themselves, and all that belongs to them, have usually a wonderful Contempt for all the Performances of others. If they dare not speak their Opinions out, yet their Mien, their Eyes, their Tone of Voice, a malicious Smile, a mysterious Silence, or equivocal and ill-

ill-meaning Expressions, betray them, and discover their inward Thoughts.

- Infinite Numbers of People think it is *Politeness*, to approve every Thing without Distinction, or giving themselves Time to examine into what is said or done. They make a Thousand Exclamations upon the least Trifle, and are perpetually loading you with Commendations. They have not the Courage to speak to you without Flattery; but these trivial Praises leave a Flatness and Insipidness on the Taste, which is infinitely disagreeable to Judicious Persons.

When we are so unhappy as to be engag'd with odd and whimsical Tempers, the shortest Way to Peace, is to grant them their Demands; it being better to make some Abatements of our Right, than dispute for ever. 'Tis a great Mastery artfully to dissemble our Causes of Discontent. This is the surest Means to preserve our Repose; and if this Rule were but always observ'd, we should not see so many Quarrels every Day. Besides, we ought not to seem to hear the Ill that People say of us. We can't pretend to hinder them from speaking; but it is in our Breast, not to express Resentment at what they say. 'Tis not always with Design to injure or affront us, that they talk of us in disobliging Terms; but from a Custom so habitual to the World of slandering our Neighbours; without which Supply, Conversation would seldom be able to support itself. But if they treat us thus thro' Malice and ill Design,
instead

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instead of revenging ourselves by reciprocal Detraction, (so customary with Women, and weak People) the Way is to express more Civilities than ever. This fair and generous Deportment, will impose Silence on them, if they have any Principles of Honour.

When you are told of a Man of Merit, that is raising a fair Reputation in the World, don't be so ill-natur'd, as to deny him your Approbation. The Affectation of a false Delicacy, renders a Man odious or ridiculous; and 'tis a Mark of a perverse Temper, and a wretched Malignity, not to be touch'd with true Merit, and not to admire what is really admirable. The civil and obliging Things you say to People, encourage them to do better. But deal not like those Impostors, who commend in Appearance, but nevertheless use ambiguous Terms, and double Meanings. These corrupt Praises are nothing by sly Satire; and such ambidextrous Artifices are no ways comporting with an honest Man, who ought never to speak but what he thinks. 'Tis no hard Matter to be deceiv'd in Point of Commendation. We are so dazzled with our own Merit, and think we so well deserve the Praise that is given us in pure Compliment, that 'tis difficult to perceive when we are ridicul'd, and when we are sincerely spoken of.

If you find you have any good Qualities, don't value yourself upon them, nor be the first to speak of them: Don't appear invidious against those that have the same Advantages,
nor

not refuse them the Character they deserve. These are Two Essential Ingredients in the Composition of an Ingenious Gentleman, That he speak not of himself, whatever his Merit be; that he be of humble and modest Sentiments: And in the next Place, that he do others Justice, without Affectation and Constraint.

It often happens, that our Friends have need of our Advice; whether they are engag'd in unhappy Affairs, or have not all the Prudence or Experience necessary for their Conduct. In these Occasions, it always becomes us to be sincere; and 'tis acting against all the Principles of Honour, to be unseasonably complaisant, and to flatter them in their Errors, instead of redressing them by sincere Advice. I know that those who admonish us of our Faults, or inform us of Stories spread to our Disparagement, commonly vex us, and we see them with a Sort of Reluctance. But it is not the Part of a good Friend, not to venture to say a Word to a Person that forgets himself, and makes not all the necessary Reflexions on his Conduct. His sore Part ought not to be so nicely handled. Men of an implicit Deference to all our Opinions, are but little concern'd at our committing Errors: Nay, there are some so wretched, as to give bad Counsel, when they know our Inclinations; chusing rather, in some Measure, to humour our Extravagance by agreeable Things, than by the Assistance of

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good Advice, to help us to master our Passion.

The Reason why the Generality of People don't amend their Faults, is their living without Reflection. They converse all their lives with polite Persons, and yet are never the more polite: Whereas they ought to turn every thing to account, and carefully observe the different Ways of acting in well-bred Persons. This Study teaches us the Knowledge of Men, which is what separates Persons of Merit from the Herd, and distinguishes a Man of Honour from a Wretch: For that still is one considerable Fault, to have the same Respects and Complaisance for a Fool, as for a Man of Sense.

As much as possible, we ought to make a good Choice of Persons to converse with. The Commerce of Men of Merit is an excellent School, and their Words and Actions more instructive than the best of Books. We ought not to content ourselves with seeing them, but endeavour to transcribe them. When we are mistaken in our Choice, which is but too common, we must break off, as soon as may be, a Conversation that can't but be disagreeable or pernicious.

The Ladies are somewhat too much relax'd from their Severity: They were formerly more stately, and knew how to make themselves more respected; and Men durst not take the least Freedom in their Presence. At present they are not so scrupulous and reserv'd, but Men entertain

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entertain them with Discourses somewhat favouring of the License of the Age. And provided they have a cleanly Covering, the coyest Dames don't seem to take Exception. 'Tis true, they ought not to behave themselves like wild *Indians*, nor fly in People's Eyes upon the least ambiguous Saying. Those that affect so much Grimace, are not always the most Modest: But if they sustain'd their Character a little better, and knew how to employ their Ascendant over Men, these would be more submissive and respectful, would give them greater Esteem, and be more regular in their Observance of all the Rules of Civility and *Decorum*.

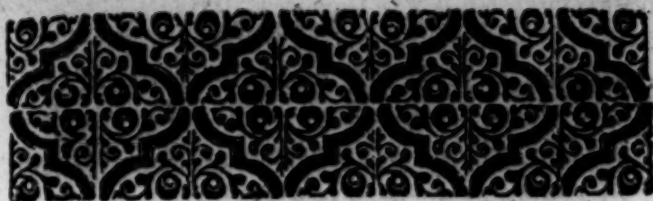
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